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CARMEL IN THE SOUTH.

OUR former sketch from the Old-Testament history was of Carmel, the long mountain ridge in Galilee which runs eighteen miles east and west, ending in a bold promontory making into the Mediterranean Sea. You will recall the striking scenes of which it was the theatre, as also the fact stated that its name, Carmel, which signifies "a park," was derived from the luxuriance of its growth of grass and forest-trees, presenting a sight so unusual in Palestine that they were spoken of as the excellence, that is, the glory, the ornament of Carmel.

It is not uncommon to find the same name — and for similar reasons — given to different places in Judæa and Galilee. The vocabulary of the time was a limited one, and the name given to a place was generally because of some incident or fact connected with its first history, some peculiar feature in its situation, or some special culture for which it was known. Analyze or translate the names of places, and you will find that they all have some reference to some fact or event such as would strike a simple people. Indeed, many names of places in our own day are primarily commemorative of some such simple things.

If you will look on the map, far to the southeast of Mount

Carmel, and south of Hebron, directly on the way down to Egypt,—the way that Joseph was borne when the Ishmaelites carried him, the way that another Joseph took when he fled with “the young child and his mother,” the way the traveller still takes as he enters the Holy Land on the route of the children of Israel,—you will find another Carmel, one which has not much note, which possibly by the casual reader is confounded with the Carmel above, which yet is not it at all, and has a separate history. Its name, like the other, is drawn from its peculiar appearance,—a place of fertility and natural beauty, very striking to those who ascended to it after forty years’ wandering in the deserts which lay to the south between it and Egypt. It lies just within the hill country of Judæa,—a sort of frontier settlement between that neutral ground in which the shepherd patriarchs wandered before they had made a final settlement, and that land which God swore as a possession to the seed of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

The history of this Carmel will bring us to some incidents in the life of David.

Returning from his successful encounter with the Philistine, David and Saul are met by the women of all the cities of Israel, “singing and dancing, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music. And the women answered one another as they played, and said, Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands. And Saul was very wroth, and the saying displeased him; and he said, They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands; and what can he have more but the kingdom? And Saul eyed David from that day forward;” i. e. he grew jealous of him; and all that after madness, and that long, bitter persecution of one who had so befriended him, was the result, it seems to me, solely of that feeling of jealousy acting upon a conscience disturbed by its own infidelities, as a consequence of which God had taken the sceptre from him. Not only had he wronged himself, and offended God, but defrauded his children of their right to rule.

The jealousy thus suddenly engendered constantly gained strength with the king, as David continued to win his way to renown in arms and to the good-will of the people. As if an evil spirit indeed possessed him, on every possible occasion, in every possible way, the king caused David to feel his anger, until he became possessed by an insane thirst for his life. While David sat and played to him, twice he hurled his javelin at him, and once when David was absent he transfixed his empty seat with the same weapon. He married him to his daughter Michal only that she might be a snare ; but she, letting him down through a window, substituted a bolster and pillow for him in his bed, with which she deceived those who were sent to him. He sent him out against the Philistines, and appointed him almost incredible tasks, with the hope that his life would be taken. Even the interference of Jonathan could avail nothing ; and the ever-swift javelin hurled by his father at him, as he pleaded David's cause, convinced them both that the king was implacable, and that there was no safety except in flight.

Taking an affectionate leave of Jonathan, David first fled to the priests, who dwelt together at Nob, a short distance from what was afterwards Jerusalem ; but fearing to remain there, he sought shelter at Gath, hoping to pass unknown among his enemies. The people about the king discovered him, and he only evades their fury by feigning himself mad, and finally escapes to the cave of Adullam, where he is joined by his father and brothers, who probably considered themselves no longer safe in Bethlehem. As soon as it was known where he was, his cave became the rendezvous for all the malecontents of the kingdom. " And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them ; and there were with him about four hundred men ;"—a band wholly undisciplined, wanting in unity of purpose, with no high aims, refusing at first to follow even David's commands.

David was now fairly an outlaw, and a price set upon his head. Pursued relentlessly by the king, "like a partridge among the mountains," he moved rapidly from place to place, down along the western shore of the Dead Sea, through the wilderness, sometimes in the fields, sometimes in caves, sometimes in towns, always discovered, and when discovered fleeing without a blow. The real magnanimity of his character is shown in this, that he more than once, when the king's life was in his hand, refused to injure the Lord's anointed.

He was now come into that southern country, that neutral ground, to whose fertile fields and excellent pasturage the people of Judah, who had large possessions in cattle, were wont to send their flocks during a part of the year. The shepherds in this open country had long been subject to the attacks of the prowling Arabs of the desert, who, sweeping all through this region from time to time, stripped them of their herds and possessions. David, whose band was now increased to six hundred men, constituted himself the guardian of these defenceless men, and, during the eight months of his stay, kept from them all danger and all fear; and it speaks well for him, and the discipline he had now established among the lawless men under him, that, though themselves often straitened and suffering, they never took advantage of their strength to defraud those they had volunteered to protect.

Among those who had been thus cared for was Nabal, who had large possessions in Carmel, the upland slope rising from the southern plain. Along this slope were his pastures, his vineyards, and his olive-fields, while in the plain just below his thousands of sheep and goats fed securely. Returning northward from his sojourn in the wilderness, David was told that this Nabal was making preparations for a great entertainment to his people during the shearing of his three thousand sheep. "And David said to ten of his young men, Get you up to Carmel, and go to Nabal and greet him in my

name, and thus shall ye say to him that liveth in prosperity : Peace be both to thee, and peace be to thine house, and peace be unto all that thou hast. And now I have heard that thou hast shearers : now thy shepherds which were with us, we hurt them not, neither was there aught missing unto them all the while they were in Carmel. Ask thy young men and they will tell thee. Wherefore let the young men find favor in thy eyes, for we come in a good day. Give, I pray thee, whatsoever cometh to thine hand unto thy servants and to thy son David."

And the young men came to Nabal, and respectfully gave David's courteous greeting and message. But this man, though a great man and possessed of much possessions, was held by all as a "churlish man and evil in his doings," — a mean man, as some others are, — having enough and to spare, yet with no intention of troubling himself at the wants of another, — one who would hoard, and not use. He ought, according to the custom of his land, to have anticipated this request, so soon as he knew that one to whom he was under such obligations was in the neighborhood. David should have been an invited and honored guest at his feast. A mean man, and proud, as mean men always are, he answered insolently, pretending not to know him, and classing him with the discontented, runaway servants with whom the country was now full : "Who is David, and who is the son of Jesse ? there be many servants now-a-days that break away every man from his master. Shall I then take my bread and my water, and my flesh that I have killed for my shearers, and give it unto men whom I know not whence they be ?" Naturally enough, David felt himself outraged by this reply, which his young men hastened to bring him, and with a terrible oath swore that by the morrow there should be no living thing that was Nabal's. "Surely in vain have I kept all that this fellow hath in the wilderness, so that nothing was missed of all that pertained unto him, and he hath requited me evil for good." And he

girt his sword about him and called his men to arms and bade them follow.

Now it happened, as it sometimes does happen still in like cases, that this man of great possessions and a mean soul, this churlish Nabal, had a wife, Abigail, beautiful in person, and, as the record says, "a woman of a good understanding." She seems to have had that authority in the household which, it is said, a woman of sense always will have, even in the house of a brute or a fool. One of the young men who had been in the wilderness, and had felt David's kindness, had stood by impotent when the insulting reply had been made, and felt keenly the disgrace of such a requital. He knew there was only one help, that, if there was any repairing the mischief, or averting the danger, his mistress could do it, so, quitting his work, he ran to Nabal's wife, saying: "Behold, David sent messengers out of the wilderness to salute our master, and he railed at them. But the men were very good unto us, and we were not hurt, neither missed we anything as long as we were conversant with them when we were in the fields; they were a wall unto us both by night and day, all the while we were with them keeping the sheep. Now, therefore, know and consider what thou wilt do, for evil is determined against our master and against all his household, for he is such a son of Belial that a man cannot speak to him." That was pretty frank speaking from a servant to the wife of the master; but the wife seems to have understood and agreed with it, for at once, and without words, she orders a munificent present for David out of the home stores, — wine, bread, parched corn, dressed sheep, raisins, and figs, enough for all those hungry men of the desert, — and, while Nabal is eating and drinking his fill, sets out herself to make amends for the meanness and slight of her husband. She meets him in his hot march, at the head of his band, hurrying with drawn swords to wreak vengeance on one who had set at naught one of the prime duties of those early times; and no sooner sees him than she alights

from her beast, runs and throws herself on the ground before him, and with true woman's tact soothes his passion, and convinces him that, if he will pass over the insult and not shed the blood he had vowed, the thought of it will give him no trouble in the day in which the Lord shall make him ruler over Israel, while the shedding of innocent blood in his anger would be a torment forever. Quick in his passions, yet quick always to see and own the right, David broke into thanksgiving that he had been spared the commission of so great a crime: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, which sent thee to meet me this day, and blessed be thy advice, and blessed be thou which hast kept me this day from coming to shed blood and from avenging myself with mine own hand." And he took her gift and departed, and she went back to her husband at the feast; but as he was, according to the Scriptures, "very drunken," she said nothing to him then; but when he was somewhat recovered from his debauch, she told him the danger he had so narrowly escaped, and his coward heart sank within him, and in ten days after he died.

The meeting with Abigail had left an impression upon David. Her beauty and wisdom had fixed themselves indelibly in his memory, and when he hears that Nabal is dead, he sends messengers to her in Carmel, to ask her to be his wife. And she came with his messengers, and though he had many wives after that, Abigail, the Carmelitess, seems to have been most dear. When the city of Ziklag, which Achish, king of Gath, gave him, was taken in his absence and spoiled, and his wife and the wives and daughters of his friends taken captive, he took no rest till he had rescued her. She shared with him the days of his adversity, and when Saul was dead, and he could once more return to his native land, she went with him to Hebron, where he was made king of Judah, and where he reigned seven years and six months before he finally established his throne at Jerusalem.

Had David been content with the wife he took out of Car-

mel, it might have all been well with him. Michal, Saul had married to another ; and though she is said to have loved David, there seems to have been no special love on his part, and though he afterward sent to claim her of the husband she then had, it was probably as a matter of policy, as it might conciliate some of the friends of Saul who held out against him after the king's death. But his heart went out toward Abigail, — a noble woman, fit to be a king's wife and a mother in Israel. She would have kept him to the path of integrity, and he would have been spared the sorrow and the shame that grew out of his other marriages and from his other children. He followed the customs of his country in having many wives. They were taken from caprice, from policy, from passion. None other seems to have been selected from that pure respect which is the basis and the food of a true, enduring love ; and though they may have added to his state, to his worldly importance, brought him some temporal gain or advantage, we cannot but feel that his life would have been happier, and less tarnished his name, had he been content only with Abigail the Carmelitess.

J. F. W. W.

THE HEBREW PRINCES.

III.

THE DREAM.

ARIOCH.

O KING, live forever ! I have found a man
Among the captives of the Hebrew race
Able to show unto the king his dream's
Interpretation.

THE KING.

Art thou able, then,
The vision of the dream that I have seen,
And its interpretation, to make known ?

DANIEL.

The secret which the king demands cannot
Unto the king be shown by soothsayers,
Astrologers, magicians, or by men
Of human wisdom ; but there is a God
In heaven, who hath power to reveal
Secrets, and to make known unto the king
What shall be in the latter days. Thy dream,
The visions of thy head upon thy bed,
Are these : (O king, thy thoughts came unto thee
Of what should be hereafter ; and He who
Doth secrets unto man reveal shall show
To thee that which shall come to pass ; but not
For any wisdom that thy servant hath
Beyond the wisdom of the sons of men,
But for the sake of them that do show forth
This secret, and that thou mightst know the thoughts
Of thine own heart.) O king, thou didst behold
A mighty image. This great image stood,
In brightness most resplendent, and in form
Most terrible, before thee. Of fine gold
Its head and breast, silver its arms appeared,
Of brass unto the thighs, iron its legs,
Its feet part iron and part clay. And thou
Didst look until thou sawest that a stone
Was cut out without hands, which quickly smote
The image on the feet, that were of clay
And iron, and them into pieces brake.
Then was the iron and the clay, the brass,
The silver, and the gold, in pieces broke
Together ! They became like unto chaff
Of summer threshing-floors, which by the wind
Away were carried, that no place was found
For them. The stone that smote the image then
Became a mountain, filling all the earth.
This is thy dream ! And now, before the king,
The dream's interpretation I will tell.

O king, thou art a king of kings ! for He,
The God of heaven, hath given a kingdom thee,
And power and strength and glory. He hath given
The fowls of heaven and the beasts of earth
Into thy hand, and made thee over all
The ruler, wheresoever dwell the sons
Of men. Thou art this head of gold, O king !
And after thee a kingdom shall arise
Inferior to thee ; and yet a third,
Of brass, which shall bear rule o'er all the earth.
And the fourth shall be strong as iron is,
And break in pieces, and subdue all things,
As iron doth. And whereas thou didst see
The feet and toes were part of potter's clay
And part of iron, this fourth kingdom shall
Divided be ; but there shall be in it,
As thou didst see the iron mixed with miry clay,
The strength of iron. Partly were the toes
Of iron, partly clay ; so partly strong
And partly broken shall the kingdom be.
Thou sawest iron mixed with miry clay,
To show its mingling with a barbarous race,
But not to cleave together, — even as clay
Cannot be mixed with iron. In the days
Of these last kings, the God of heaven will
Set up a kingdom that shall never be
Destroyed ; but all these kingdoms it shall break
In pieces and consume, while it shall stand
Forever. Forasmuch as thou didst see
The stone out of the mountain without hands
Was cut, and that it brake in pieces all
The gold, the silver, iron, brass, and clay, —
Thus the great God hath shadowed forth to thee
That which shall come to pass hereafter. This,
The image of thy dream, O king ! is true,
And the interpretation thereof sure.

THE KING.

O Belteshazzar, unto thee belong
Worship and honor! Bring forth odors sweet,
In golden censers, for an offering
Of praise to him who hath revealed the dream
And its interpretation!

DANIEL.

Be the praise,
The offerings, O king! to Him alone
Who gave the wisdom to reveal thy dream
To thee unto thy servant.

THE KING.

Of a truth
It is, that thy God is a God of gods,
And Lord of kings. To thee He doth reveal
Secrets, for that thou hast made known to me
This vision.

Gifts and honors shall be thine!
Over this kingdom thou shalt ruler be,
And the chief governor of governors
Unto the wise men in all Babylon!

DANIEL.

O king! I pray thee give not unto me,
But to my fellow-captives, these thy gifts
And honors!

THE KING.

Thus it shall be unto him
In whom the king delighteth!

Be it as
Thou wilt!

But thou shalt sit in the king's gate!

JOHN NELSON, THE LAY PREACHER.

BUCKLE, in his Introduction to the History of English Civilization, says: "Under the two most remarkable men of the eighteenth century — Whitefield, the first of theological orators, and Wesley, the first of theological statesmen — there was organized a great religious system, which bore the same relation to the Church of England that the Church of England bore to the Church of Rome. Thus, after an interval of two hundred years, a second spiritual Reformation was effected in this country." This tribute of the philosophical historian is more significant, because, in his estimate of the forces of civilization, he places little value on the influence of moral and religious truth. The tendency of his mind is to depreciate everything relating to the sentiments, while he exalts in a corresponding degree the sphere of the intellect and the power of knowledge. When, therefore, in his broad generalizations, he recognizes the presence and action of a religious movement, the presumption is that the evidence of its power is incontrovertible.

Since, then, Methodism has acted so distinguished a part in the Church, it is profitable to study some of its features as exhibited in its representative men. Among these is John Nelson. He is an original type of the lay preacher, and his biography illustrates this feature in the system of Methodism. His early life was spent exclusively in a rough and vigorous wrestle with toil. In birth, mental cast, and natural bent, he was very unlike Fletcher. With a much coarser fibre of soul and less learning, his piety was far more practical than meditative. The work he had to do was also wholly different from that of the pastor of Madeley. In the comprehensive arrangements of Providence there is a need of a great variety of forces. Hence each sincere and earnest man or woman, whether thinker or worker, has a place and a sphere. Thus was it with Nelson. Though not endowed with a mind fitted

by the power of thought to give tone or shape to the religious system which he embraced, he was admirably adapted to perform what he undertook. The rude training of his early days, though not rich in the brilliant acquisitions of scholarship, gave him what served him better, — a robust frame and manly courage. This enabled him to brave a mob, maintain his coolness, and think with calmness and rapidity in scenes of personal danger. Often his preaching had a peril akin to that which would attend an antislavery advocate in a Slave State. The only difference in the comparison is the greater extent and intensity of violence and passion in the latter. The fury burns with more fierceness, and the hatred is more bitter and enduring.

John Nelson was put while a boy as an apprentice to a mason, and was educated in the Established Church. From a child he was grave and moral, so that his language of self-condemnation does not proceed so much from the memory of gross wickedness as from the high-wrought intensity of his feelings. Macaulay, in speaking of Bunyan, says most of his biographers have done him injustice, because "they have understood in a popular sense all those strong terms of self-condemnation which he employed in a theological sense." This distinction is necessary in our estimate of all deeply religious men. They often fall into language of self-disparagement which is not only exaggerated, but also false; and many a saint who calls himself the vilest of the vile, and exhausts the vocabulary of terms of self-condemnation on himself, would instantly repel any specific charge of immorality, such as a lie, theft, or fraud. Nelson is not pre-eminently guilty of this kind of exaggeration, and the circumstances of his lot did not tempt him in this respect so much as many of his brethren. He was a prosperous mechanic. He had health, good wages, and an excellent wife. Compared with those of the same social position, he had more than the average comforts and means of happiness, was free from vices, and blessed with a snug and peaceful home. But with all

this he was not content. His mind constantly brooded over the great problems of existence. While his hands were hewing stone, his thoughts were intent upon those themes which have stirred for ages the sage and philosopher. To his companions he was a mystery; for he would refuse to join in their dissipations, yet with burly English pluck would fight for his rights. Still his restless questionings gave him no peace, and his insatiable yearnings drove him forth to other religious communions in quest of positive spiritual assurance. He went to the Romish cathedral; but the desire for a vital personal religion was too intense to be satisfied by the gorgeous ceremonial of this Church. He had no better success among the Quakers, whose quietistic piety did not feed his emotional nature. After trying all forms of prevalent religion except the Jewish to no purpose, he returned to his first love,—to read and pray in the English Church, “whether he perished or not.” “A judicious minister,” says Southey, “who should have known the man, might have given him the comfort which he sought; but the sort of intercourse between the pastor and people which this would imply hardly exists in the metropolis, where Nelson was then residing.” Whether this be true or not, it is certain no peace came to the soul of this thoughtful mechanic. The more he revolved the themes of religion in his mind, the more he was perplexed. “Surely,” he says, “God never made man to be such a riddle to himself, and to leave him so.” Burdened with these reflections, he would betake himself to the fields and wander through them at night; but the darkness and the light were alike to him. He sat in gloom, though the silent stars shone serenely in the heavens, or the sun poured forth its splendor at noonday. While in this state of spiritual unrest, Whitefield came to Moorfield. Nelson, with a soul thirsting for the waters of eternal life, went to hear him. But even the graphic eloquence and devout fervor of the great preacher failed to satisfy him. “He was to me,” says this soul-distressed mechanic, “as a man that could

play well on an instrument, for his preaching was pleasant to me and I loved the man ; so that if any one offered to disturb him, I was ready to fight for him ; but I did not understand him ; yet I got some hope of mercy, so that I was encouraged to pray on, and spend my leisure hours in reading the Scriptures." He was now on the verge of despair. At night his excited and distempered imagination haunted him. When he did sleep, he dreamed he was falling into a pit or fighting with the Devil, and would awake "dripping with sweat and shivering with terror." If this had long continued, his mind would have been wrecked, and reason would have yielded to his over-excited imagination and vivid feelings.

Now came the great transition period of his life. When the sun of hope had wellnigh set, the morning dawned. At this time Wesley visited Moorfield and preached. As he ascended the platform there was one hearer of his congregation who had so long dwelt on his own thoughts as to beget an intense self-consciousness. He saw all things through his excessive subjectivity. Hence the preacher had no sooner stroked back his hair and turned his face towards the place where Nelson stood, than the soul-diseased mechanic thought Wesley's eye was fixed on him. "His countenance struck such an awful dread upon me before I heard him speak, that it made my heart beat like the pendulum of a clock ; and when he did speak, I thought his whole discourse was aimed at me." "Nelson," says Southey, "might well think thus, for it was a peculiar characteristic of Wesley in his discourses, that in winding up his sermons, in pointing his exhortations and driving them home, he spoke as if he were addressing an individual, so that every one to whom the condition which he described was applicable felt as if he were singled out ; and the preacher's words were then like the eyes of a portrait, which seemed to look at every beholder." In this case the arrow pierced the heart to the quick. This man "can tell the secrets of my breast ; he has shown me

the remedy for my wretchedness, even the blood of Christ." "Oh!" is his subsequent language, "that was a blessed morning for my soul." From this Moorfield preaching dates a change. His mind passed from its wrestlings to peace. A new life burst upon him, and he was flooded with joy. But no sooner was the spirit at rest than outward conflicts came. Religion was to this earnest man an intense and real conviction; so out of the depths of his profound piety he strove to bring others to a knowledge of the truth. As he went round exhorting, his friends became alarmed. They feared in the absorption of his zeal he would neglect his work and bring poverty upon his family. Nor were they relieved when he replied to their remonstrances, "that his business in this world was to get well out of it." But their fears were unfounded, for though he gave himself to exhortation, he also plied his hand diligently to his trade. The hours which he had given to brooding he now employed in the study of the Bible and in exhortation. He invited his fellow-villagers to his house every evening, and turned his largest room into a meeting-house. Here his fervent soul found utterance in prayer and discourse. So thoroughly in earnest was he for the fate of men's souls, that his neighbors thought he was either crazy or under the delusions of the Devil. Erelong the moral aspect of the town changed. In the evening the alehouse was deserted, while the people thronged at his door unable to get in to his crowded meeting. The inn-keeper raged at his loss of custom; but still the work of reform sped on, until it became of sufficient importance to be visited by Wesley. He came to Birstal and found both a preacher and a society;—the one he recognized as a "Helper," the other he enrolled as one of his "United Society."

Nelson now entered upon his Gospel labors, hewing stone by day and preaching at night. His ministry is of value, not only because it gives us a portrait of the genuine lay preacher, but also as an indication of the fearful social and

moral condition of the great mass of the people of England. Methodism was born out of the throes of popular violence and riot. Often in its first stages the Amen of the prayer was drowned by the hideous groans of the mob, and the response to the sermon was a volley of stones. This was often literally true of Nelson. No doubt that in his aggressive earnestness he often used provoking language. He was not dainty in his choice of phrases or in the employment of epithets. His heart was on fire with rude, impassioned earnestness. As thus he went from village to village, denouncing profane gamblers and besotted laborers, calling on them to repent and threatening them with the doom of eternal woe,—as thus his soul was burdened and he agonized in prayer for their salvation,—it was not surprising that he sometimes overleaped the proprieties of speech. Great reforms, in their practical operations, are never carried forward by those whose caution weighs every word they utter. The man who is never borne away by the hot impulse of honest, though extravagant zeal, will rarely be found among the efficient workers in a popular movement. The rough life of England, as it then existed in the cottage and the workshop, could not be morally quickened by weak, though polished platitudes. The men who lounged about the wharves of Bristol or Plymouth, wasting the earnings of a voyage in a fortnight's carouse; or the mechanic and collier, who on Saturday night spent in debauch the money which should have gone for children's bread and a wife's dress;—in fact, the vigorous, dissipated common people would never have been roused from degradation and ignorance by any except the most resolute, bold, and enthusiastically earnest religious men, such as could speak from the workingman's experience and in the dialect of the cottage and the workshop. Besides, the reform conflicted with the interests of the tavern-keeper, the passions of the multitude, the ease and power of the established vicar. It is necessary to keep these all in mind as we follow this sturdy evangelist in his perils and expos-

ures. His career is marked by the romance of danger, and after reading of his various encounters with fierce and passionate mobs, we are surprised at his escape from a violent death. On these occasions his coolness, courage, and admirable tact served him. Thus once at Nottingham Cross an attempt was made to silence him; but his discourse having subdued the rioters, he was allowed to go on to the end, when a soldier stepped forward, and, kneeling, with tears in his eyes, besought the preacher to pray that God would have mercy on his soul, for he had come there to pull him down; "but your words have come as a sword to my heart, and I am convinced you are God's servant, and I hope I shall begin to lead a new life from this hour." His biography abounds in other instances of his power over the passionate multitude. Once a clergyman having hired the town drummer at Grimsby, to drown the preacher's voice, after beating three quarters of an hour he was so impressed with Nelson's preaching that he threw away his drumsticks and stood listening with the tears running down his cheeks. At Epworth the clergyman and clerk were drunkards, and the mob was excited to violence; but it was of no avail. Though other indignities awaited him, yet he never quailed. His moral courage rose with the danger. It is painful even to read of the physical conflicts of this earnest and devout preacher. We are in constant antagonism with the rough and fierce passions of the multitude. At the suggestion of the ale-house keeper of Bristol, Nelson was pressed as a soldier. While in keeping of the officers, he was marched from town to town, lodged in prison, and subjected to many indignities. He was finally released through the influence of Lady Huntingdon. Nothing daunted, he was more zealous still in his Master's cause.

But though this brave mechanic preacher could face a mob as effectually at least as Wesley, he was not invincible. Sometimes he was overpowered. One of the most brutal scenes of this kind was at Hepworth. He had succeeded in keeping the mob at bay while preaching, but upon stepping

down he was struck with a brick on the back of his head and fell bleeding. Not heeding the yells of the rioters as he rose and tottered, he cried out, "Lord, thou wast slain without the gate, and canst deliver me from the hands of these blood-thirsty men." On the next day at Acomb, whither he went, a worse fate awaited him. After various attempts he was seized by the ringleaders and so severely beaten that he was left for dead; yet to satisfy the doubts of some he was lifted up, and giving signs of life he was knocked down eight times. The rage of the multitude burned with increased fury; they stamped on his body "to tread the Holy Ghost out of him," and wrought other deeds of cruelty too atrocious to recount. And yet, says Stevens, "these ruffians passed in the community for gentlemen." The fury of a mob, when once aroused, cannot easily be allayed; and doubtless those who instigated this mode of dealing with the Methodist lay preacher were "respectable." A cause which is afraid to trust to truth, and has recourse to violence, must have its basis either in selfishness or injustice.

Nothing but a frame naturally vigorous and toughened by toil enabled Nelson to rally from the violent assaults on his person; and yet the next day after those we have just mentioned he rode forty miles to hear Wesley preach. Unable to stand, he leaned against a tombstone, and his soul was wonderfully refreshed at the words of the apostle. Under the influence of the discourse, Nelson cried out, "O Lord, I will praise thee for thy goodness to me in all my trials; thou hast brought me out of the jaws of death; and though thou didst permit men to ride over my head, and laid affliction on my loins, yet thou hast brought me through fire and water into a wealthy place. So far, Lord, I am thy witness; for thou dost give strength for our day according to thy word, and grace to help in time of need. O my dear Redeemer, how shall I praise thee as thou oughtest to be praised? O let my life be a living sacrifice to thee, for it is by thee alone that I have escaped both temporal and eternal death."

John Nelson lived and preached surrounded by dangers.

His presence set a whole town astir, and doubtless many staid and quiet gentlemen of classic training and Christian culture desired peace and exemption from agitation. But the calmness of stagnation is death. No advance in morals or religion is ever made in practical life without coming into antagonism with selfishness, prejudice, and passion. The life of this zealous preacher followed the great and all-pervading law of reform; and planting himself on what was religious truth to his own mind, as a preacher of the "everlasting Gospel" he declared it. His sincerity, earnestness, and fervor combined to make him an effective evangelist. Even in those places where he was mobbed, the seed brought forth fruit, and during his last years he preached to crowds with marked success. After a laborious ministry of thirty-three years, he suddenly died, in the ripeness of toil, in 1744. His remains were followed to the grave by a procession a mile long, weeping and singing Charles Wesley's funeral hymns. Hundreds of sad hearts surrounded his grave in Bristol, and the Methodist communion mourned for one of its most faithful and devoted lay preachers.

Though lowly born, and bred a mechanic, Nelson is described as having a natural dignity. Southey says "he had as brave a heart as ever Englishman was blessed with;" and Stevens adds, "that perhaps no lay preacher ever raised up by Methodism has presented a better exemplification of what such an evangelist should be,—a more admirable example of heroism, of magnanimity, good sense, sound piety, hard work, and courageous suffering." His memory is embalmed in thousands of hearts, and he was an admirable type of that class of Christian disciples who supplied the religious wants of the common people in the eighteenth century, as did the Franciscans in their purity that of a former generation. There is this difference,—the mendicant preachers of the earlier Church bequeathed a system capable of great abuses, while that of lay preaching will live without any marked attendant evils as long as it can be of service to Christendom.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

A SERMON PREACHED ON THE OCCASION OF THE NATIONAL FAST, JAN. 4, 1861,
BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

Mark xi. 22. — "Have faith in God."

IN times of anxiety and amidst threatenings of disaster man is sure to take refuge in God. He will go in fear, or he will go in love and confidence, according to the measure of his growth in true religion; but he will go in some way. When the sun shines, and the sea is calm, and the Great Spirit clothes himself in beauty and lavishes his gifts, we may fail to think of our entire dependence upon God, — we may even be led away into perplexed and perplexing discussions about his providence in the ordering of our life; but when the clouds gather, and the tempest rises, we have an ear for what holy men of old have said of Him who is our refuge and strength, and the wise heart sets aside all our sceptical theories with a single word of authority. This is the experience at once of the individual and of the nation. As the individual goes alone to the everlasting Helper, so, as with one mind and one heart, a whole people will prostrate themselves before Him who sitteth upon the throne of the universe. How can we fail to do so when our God is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, living and loving, near to us at all times, his eye as open to our wants, his ear as open to our petitions, as when his admonitions and consolations came to the disciples through the lips of his Son. To believe in Christ is to believe in the efficacy of prayer. To be a Christian is to pray; and it would be a marvel were a nation whose fairest inheritance is the Gospel of Jesus to forget the house of God and the shade of the altar in the hour of trial.

In my observance of this special Fast I wish to place myself upon this broad ground. I feel at home here, — quite above the conflicts of parties and sections, and in sympathy with those preachers of the Word who have pressed upon

men of the most opposite opinions the same great lessons of truth and love in the spirit of Him who said, "My kingdom is not of this world," and sought to change the world, not by direct assaults upon organized evils, but by those influences which are felt in the hearts, the manners, the morals of individual men and women, and so of the community.

In the prospect, as many fear, of one of the worst of evils and offences, a civil war, we have been admonished to look to God. No matter who is right, no matter who is wrong, it is good to do so. Perhaps until we have done so, it will not be so easy to say who is right and who is wrong. There is nothing like looking to God, if we really desire to be instructed, for clearing the moral vision, for steadying the judgment, — nothing that will so surely protect us against those extreme opinions which, as they are formed in haste and in passion, are maintained in bitterness and in obstinacy. Let the nation keep silence before the Lord in his holy temple at least one day, and hear the solemn lessons that he will read from the records of the nations, the book of his judgments, — stern testimonies for Him who reigneth on earth as in heaven, a King of kings, and overturneth and overturneth until at last the rock-foundations are reached, and through the prevalence of righteousness and love the kingdoms of the world have become the kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ. Let all men everywhere lift up unto Him holy hands without wrath or doubting, asking for patience under his judgments, and for light that shall lead us back to the path from which we have wandered. If there are any who are ready to say, "I have no need to come, for I have nothing to confess; I have no part in the great transgression, whatever that may be," — let them not fail to come; perhaps they will find that society is one, and that it is not so easy as we sometimes think to have no part in the sin of society, or, if they are really righteous, the prayers of the righteous shall avail much. Let men of all parties come together and try in His presence who searcheth the heart, and before whom many of

our conflicts seem so very pitiful and unjustifiable, to rise above merely partisan considerations, and receive a measure of that blessed wisdom which is first pure and then peaceable. This wisdom will issue for one and another in various, perhaps opposite, practical applications,—in one purpose for you and another for me,—and men may seem enemies to each other even after they have prayed together and meditated together in the house of God; but their antagonisms will at least be tempered,—they will be more respectful and more reasonable than they would otherwise have been. It would have been eminently fitting, and not without promise of good, had we proposed in our solemn assembling of ourselves only a service of confession and prayer, leaving each soul to make its own examination into motive and act, committing ourselves to Him who enriches every receptive nature, and sends us forth from his face illumined and strengthened. In going beyond this, we should strive to keep within the atmosphere of the holy place, and be more eager to report what the Lord saith to the quiet and confiding heart, than to offer the sacrifice of the partisan, and fast for strife and debate. As I seek to listen for the voice, it seems to say to me, "Have faith in God."

1. Have faith in God,—in his purposes, which are rightly named decrees, and stand fast forever and ever, and are wrought out in the wondrous ways of his providence. The history of man unfolds according to a divine order under the wise and loving guidance of One who uses the freedom of man without invading it, and whilst he is achieving our discipline finishes his own work. We must never forget that it is God's world more than it is our world. It is no chaos with a king who is no king. There is ever a voice which says to the powers of destruction, "Thus far, but no farther." The bad as well as the good have their places assigned them in the great host that are subduing the earth; blindly and with no gentle weapons, but most effectually, they work the righteous will of Heaven. What the Lord willeth, that doeth

he. I do not find in this belief anything which can weaken a healthy feeling of responsibility, but it does sensibly relieve that terrible anxiety which hears in every unwonted sound the crack of doom; it does comfort us with a vision of the new world that is slowly but surely growing up into the perfection of beauty out of the ruins of decaying civilizations. God reigns! Through what days of darkness this great affirmation has carried men hopefully and cheerfully! They looked upon one and the other fearful disaster, and said, "A blessing in it!" — and so it has ever proved. Especially do these great divine purposes come out into the light of day in that part of our world to which the Son of God has been revealed. Christendom holds in her bosom that imperishable treasure, the Church of the Redeemer, and may well console herself in the midst of the tempest with the thought of her divine charge. "Thou bearest Cæsar!" said the Roman to the affrighted sailor; "thy ship cannot go down!" How much more emphatically may we say to an affrighted nation, "Thou bearest the Gospel, the world's hope!" Have faith in God, who creates and destroys and again creates, and the second creation is ever fairer than the first, though the night must come between. Even war has been one of the greatest civilizers of the world, terrible instrument as it is; indeed, had it not been for the warlike and fierce races of Northern Europe, our Gospel would have been almost crushed under the weight of burdens laid upon it by an ambitious priesthood. It is said that Charlemagne wept when his eye fell upon the ships of the Vikings, crowded with fierce Danes and Norwegians; but they, too, were needed, — they did not come a day too soon; and modern civilization is greatly indebted to them, and we are the better to-day because they got such a strong, though terrible grasp upon our English home. Have faith in God, that, step by step as he moves through the ages and carries the race of man with him, he leaves evil, sin, and sorrow behind, and, however slowly and however sorely, builds the City which hath foundations. Have faith

in God, and never look upon earthly trouble as though some strange and fatal thing had befallen you. We belong to a race which has bought its greatness thus far with real sweat and tears and blood, and which must again and again pay more of that good purchase-money, and be hurled down from the seat of pride and security, and learn the sad yet sweet and indispensable lessons of adversity.

2. Again, have faith in God!—in God who is goodness, and who asks of us penitence and a sincere purpose to do justly and love mercy. The believer knows that the only way to be better off is to be better, and in any time of calamity his first questions are, “In what have I offended, and in what way, so far as I am concerned, can the offence cease?” Let each one of us put these questions to himself, and strive to deal honestly with himself, and hear conscience out. One general answer all will readily give, to the effect that the religious and moral tone of Christendom is still, after these eighteen centuries, very low; that few Christians are thoroughly Christian; that for this reason, even when we are striving to promote good causes, we fall into sour and fatal dissensions, wars of religion and of opinion, and are found to be serving God with the Devil’s weapons, so that one is sometimes tempted to say that we could spare our good men quite as well as our bad men. So long as the world is what it is, it must needs be that offences come; and just so far as any one of us lives for himself and not for God, disregarding conscience, falling short of his aspirations and ideals, following Christ at a great distance, he has a part in these offences, not directly perhaps, but indirectly; and when the day of darkness comes, we must all say, “I, too, am a partaker in this transgression; let me strive to draw nearer to God, and to trust in him more.” Nations sin and suffer because nations are unchristian, and nations are unchristian because the men and women who compose them are unchristian,—because they are selfish, worldly, passionate,—because they will not accept it for the chief end of man to

glorify God by seeking to build up his kingdom in the deeds of our every-day life. In a very important sense we are all sinners together, and so we need not think it so strange that we are often all sufferers together.

But let us try to be a little more specific. This will be the easier, inasmuch as I have not the least desire to add anything to the chaotic medley of opinion and advice with which a patient community is afflicted. There may be perhaps throughout the land a score of wise men who would do well to counsel their fellows; should the residue hold their peace, it would be *their* wisdom. Statesmen are not born every day. It would be rash to suppose that each Christian congregation the land through had found one in its pastor and teacher. We go too far, I presume, when we take for granted that we have one in each daily or weekly journalist. I doubt whether ministers, or even editors, are the best judges as to the expediency of sending or refusing to send regiments to one and another post of danger. The division of labor is a modern improvement of which we avail ourselves far too little, to the great confusion of those who, after everybody has said his say to his heart's content, must really do the work, and take the responsibility in every crisis. Moreover, I shall feel under no obligation to go back into the past, or to point out the present shortcomings of others,—we want to know what we ought to do and can do to-day, and we are not keeping a fast for the sins of other men, of our fathers, or of our brethren. It would be easy to show how the evils which are afflicting us might have been prevented, or to blame those who have gone before us in the world with transmitting their problem to us instead of solving it themselves; it would be easy to ask of our fellows at a distance a heroism of self-sacrifice, an exceeding righteousness of which we have given them in our own lives no examples. It would be easy to add fuel to the fire which is raging in our land, by criminations and recriminations,—by what is called boldness in one or another direction. It is wiser and more Christian, as it seems

to me, to sit in judgment only upon ourselves, and to ask what *we* must do to-day in order that our record upon the page of history may be clean, and if, alas! there should be any shedding of blood, it may not be upon our heads, inasmuch as we have sincerely tried to be right, even though at the expense of consistency, and have done our utmost to live peaceably with all men, willing to sacrifice everything but principle, to make more account of our duties than of our rights, not from any selfish love of peace, but out of a deep sense of the sin and shame and unspeakable calamity of civil war and possible anarchy. What then, as Christians, — as those who have faith in God, and would obey his voice in the soul and in the words of the Bible, — can we do or refrain from doing in this national crisis to restore peace and maintain the integrity of the nation?

I answer, — 1. We may separate ourselves more emphatically even than we have heretofore done from that class of persons in the community who deal with the institution of slavery as a sin, in and of itself, with which no Christian can hold terms for a moment, either in the communion of the church, or in the matter of citizenship, or in the intercourse of society, — a sin to be followed up and ferreted out wherever it exists, to be met with sharp words if one believes only in the weapons of the tongue, or with swords and rifles if one believes in these. Thoroughly antislavery myself in conviction and feeling, I have never been able to sympathize or act with those who demand the emancipation of the slave from every one who would show proof of his Christianity. There are practical difficulties in the way of emancipation which a Christian may regard without sacrificing his Christian character, and I do not find that the Gospel deals with slavery as with stealing or lying, or impurity. Slaves and slaveholders in the ancient Church there unquestionably were, and there may be in the modern Church, though there will be none, I am sure, in the City of God towards which the Gospel is leading us. I believe that amongst our brethren

and friends at the South there are those who are endeavoring to discharge their duty towards their slaves as they see it, striving to do the utmost for them in a condition which they know not how to change, certainly upon the instant. Are there many of us, unwilling as we should be to accept such responsibilities, who would venture to say, Let these people go to-morrow! In judging and trying to help others, we must take into account the influences of education and the inheritances from the past. My Christianity would not suffer me to accept the gift of a slave, but my Christianity does not oblige me to denounce as less Christian than myself another, neither born nor taught as I was, who has accepted and retains such a gift. My duty towards him is a good example in my own dealing with the less favored at my own door, a loving testimony in behalf of my own opinions when such testimony will not be unseasonable or needlessly irritating, and the offer of help in providing the means of escape from a sore evil. I believe that even Christianity can afford to wait for men and women to grow up within her fold to the measure of her ideal in this matter. The early Christian preachers recommended, but did not require, emancipation; emphatically discountenanced those servile outbreaks which can only work mischief to the slave; and gradually, under the indirect influence of the Gospel, European slavery has given place to serfdom, and serfdom will soon give place to citizenship. The work is to be done here in circumstances of great difficulty, a peculiarity of race adding to the perplexities of the problem, and there is a demand, not for any sacrifice of principles, but for wisdom and patience in the application of principles. The laws of society and the spirit of the Gospel working in the heart of the modern world will be far more instrumental in bringing about the results that we crave, than any agitations by professional philanthropists, or measures of merely political reformers; and I am sure that we, who have on our hands cities that are filled with multitudes as heathenish and wretched as any in nominal heathendom, need not

think that we are not serving our Master with all faithfulness unless we are all the time pouring into the unwilling ears of angry men denunciations of a system which perhaps they like as little as we, but have determined to defend so long as it is assailed from without. In so speaking I speak as I have always spoken when I have said anything at all, and believe that Christianity will justify this moderation, and that precisely here the churchman, or say the Christian, parts with the world in the matter of dealing with institutions that can have no place in the City of God, though they may be argued for again and again, to the end of time, from the letter of the Old Testament.

2. And, again, we may be content to labor for human liberty, even where we are directly concerned, strictly within the forms and restraints of law, the limitations of the social organism, of the national constitution, and of ancient compacts. The business of the Christian, with a law which his conscience does not approve, is to labor to have it changed; and when it crosses his path, quietly, submissively, like a good citizen, to pay the penalty of a passive non-compliance, going to prison with Baxter and Bunyan and Paul and Peter, because no way was open for them save that of obeying God rather than man. It is a fearful thing to have recourse to violence, to take the law, as we say, into our own hands, to break up the whole framework of society because there are serious defects in it; — if we have made any agreements which we cannot conscientiously keep, we are bound in honor to offer fair equivalents, — to strive to realize that what is to us conscientiousness may seem to others obstinacy and even dishonesty, and that the victories won by peaceful struggles at the ballot-box and in the senate are worth incalculably more than the successes of the soldier. And in our service of liberty we can afford to be patient and good-tempered, and strictly just, not intruding by so much as a hair's breadth upon domain for which we are not responsible; so justifying our refusals and non-compliances when we have reached a point beyond which

as honest men, respecting our own convictions, we cannot go. And let me add, that there is a practical wisdom here which is eminently worth regarding, — the wisdom that forbids us to sacrifice a substantial good for what is merely technical and formal, to hesitate in doing right lest the captious criticise, or cry out inconsistency. What men want is things, not words; and if the thing is right and works well, no matter if we cannot adjust it to something which was said last year, or even yesterday. I have in my mind one,* and I love to claim him as a fellow-worshipper, who at the risk of being charged with inconsistency has in this very crisis gone as far as seemed to him possible in conceding for the sake of peace what was rather formal than vital, being careful now, as he has ever been, to distinguish between a zeal for constitutional liberty and the fervors of the mere fanatic. Would that all who love freedom loved her as wisely as he. Impulse and sentiment can destroy in fact, and rebuild in imagination; only wisdom and patience, toiling on little by little, can reconstruct actual society. Have faith in God, with whom a thousand years are as one day; and even now try to believe that North and South shall work amicably together for the advancement of humanity, — of the white and the black alike.

3. Finally, have faith in God, even if for us, as for so many who have gone before us over the earth, there must be months and years of strife. As I meditate these last words there come startling tidings, for History is making rapidly in these days. Perhaps we shall have need of all our manhood, of all our Christianity; but what we need God will bestow, if we will only put our trust in him. His way is in the sea and his path in the great waters, but his law is the truth; and we are safe in keeping it. Human society and human governments are of Divine appointment, and they will never fail. Our own government may be an experiment, but government itself is not an experiment. "Render unto Cæsar the things

* Hon. C. F. Adams.

which are Cæsar's," will be truth to the end of time, and there will be a Cæsar of some sort, better or worse, imperial or republican, to stand for civil order. Whether it should be by coercion of the malecontents, or by reconstruction upon a different basis, let those who are wiser than I attempt to say; but we shall have a country, and it will be a free country and a Christian country. The world is God's world, and it does not go backward, save as the wave upon the sea-shore goes back into the ocean to recover itself for a fresh advance. The blood of the Northmen still flows in our veins, and we have been baptized into the constructive spirit of Christianity; and the Gospel, the everlasting refuge against barbarism, in giving us the home has given us the germ of the Christian State, and out of all those confusions and sufferings which are needed to discipline our earthly nature we shall come forth, we or our children, a Christian commonwealth. The descendants of the New England Puritans, the countrymen of Washington, have a glorious destiny to achieve under the blessing of God. Only let each one of us walk by the light which shines out of heaven into the soul, and be at once wise and harmless, and the days of our trial shall soon come to an end. The glory hath not departed from Israel until the ark of God has been taken, — until corruption, private and public, has sapped the nation's life, — until party spirit has prevailed over patriotism, — until expedients have supplanted principles, and children sit upon thrones which belong to men. God be praised that we have a country still to pray for, and that hope has not yet wholly deserted the souls of men. May we even now rise above our misunderstandings, and fanaticisms, and bitternesses and needless strifes, and, accepting together the lofty aims of a truly Christian civilization, only struggle to surpass each other in all that elevates and redeems humanity, employing our wondrous resources, not in a vulgar, selfish luxury, which despises the oppressed and the poor, but in those grand enterprises which uplift the degraded, empty the poor-houses and prison-houses, reconstruct the poor's

quarter, reform thieves, reclaim transgressors, and educate the bondman for the estate of the freeman: for wise old Homer most truly said, that when you take away a man's liberty you take away half his humanity; and a wise modern adds this comment, that a slave who has only broken his chain has probably lost the other half.

And so, brethren, I commend you to God and to the word of his grace, and to the guidance and consolations of the spirit of his Son. Through far more troublous times than these the children of the Kingdom have passed safely, and the thing which hath been, it is the thing which shall be, only in the fairer and nobler form which it pleaseth God to send forth out of his inexhaustible fulness.

THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN.

THE darkest hour that falls upon the earth
Is that before the coming of the dawn,
When light with darkness struggles for its birth,
And help Divine for man seems oft withdrawn!
In vain the eye would penetrate the gloom,
And look beyond the darkness of the hour,
To see of Wickedness the fated doom,
Or Virtue's kingdom come with greater power.
Thus when, amidst convulsive throes of old,
Christ's kingdom in its glory should appear,
He the dark hour before the day foretold
In signs and wonders to his followers clear,
And bade them earnest watch, and earnest pray,
Until in splendor rose his peaceful day.

J. V.

CHRIST NOT A PATTERN, BUT A REVELATION.

At first view it seems a great privilege to have before us a pattern of sinless perfection. Christ is revealed to us out of the heavens as the ideal of an all-accomplished humanity. This is the ideal which we must follow, and not any saints of the calendar, — not the Fenelons and the Howards, not the Senecas and the Platos. We soon find, however, that this revelation of sinless perfection, so far from putting life and courage into us, depresses us under discouragement and despair. It shines away off and above us, like a planet in the heavens, with gulfs of infinite space between. Who of us are endowed like him, who of us born like him, having power over nature, having all things delivered to him of the Father, having foreknowledge of the future, having power to lay down his life and take it again, so that the tomb bursts the third day and he comes forth and goes up into heaven from Ascension Mount? And yet he is set forth to us as an example, and we are to follow in his steps! Discouraging enough! if an example means only a pattern to imitate.

This, however, is a very partial and one-sided view. There is a view of Christ as our example which is exceedingly animating and hope-inspiring. In unfolding the subject let us see first what errors we are to avoid, and then let us see what is the grand truth which appeals to us in the example of Jesus Christ.

First, there is *not* implied an imitation of his words and actions. What folly to suppose that we could do the same things that he did! We might try this, and only ape him at an immense distance, and come no nearer to him than we were before. Suppose we were to take up his language or style of address in those awful denunciations of the scribes and Pharisees, as if we were in the seat of judgment to pass sentence upon men! Or think, again, of any human being

standing up like him and saying, "All that the Father hath is mine!"—"No man knoweth God but me, and he to whom I reveal him!" What on his lips were divine declarations, on ours would be self-conceit and blasphemy. See what fallacies we fall into when we suppose that following Christ means acting as he acted. His example has been cited as proving that no physical force must ever be used in restraining or resisting wicked men. Christ used none, so his followers must not;—this is the argument, and it would prostrate every human government on earth. Why should he use physical resistance, who held the winds and waves at his word, who could command twelve legions of angels, who saw through the souls of men with a glance, who could command them with his eye and wither up their courage with a word, so that those who were sent to arrest him slunk away and dared not take him, and could only report, "Never man spake like this man"? His death was a part of his great plan of redemption, and till his time came they could no more put him to death than they could pluck the sun from his orbit. Follow him through his whole mission, and you see how fallacious is the notion that to imitate Christ is to assume his deeds or his language.

Again, it is not implied that we must be what he is. Understood in this sense, following Christ would induce a spiritual culture extravagant and fantastic, and even insane. We open the book of revelation, and read the ritual of heaven, every creature in heaven and on the earth ascribing "Blessing and honor and glory and power unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." Put in place of the Lamb the name of any saint in the calendar,—Fénelon or Howard,—and how would it read? and how monstrous would our self-culture become, if it put us on the vain effort of trying to *be* what he is!

In another view of the subject, however, Christ *is* our example, and our example in such wise as to stimulate all our efforts in the Christian life. An example is a pattern to be

copied. The copy answers to the original line for line, and feature for feature, though it may not be, or even aim to be, what the original was. I hold up a mirror to the sun. The sun's image is formed in it, and answers to it ray for ray. It can never be another sun, though it can always receive the sun's image and reflect its splendors. Throughout the whole of the New Testament there is a striking and exact analogy between the life of Christ and the life of the Christian. An analogy, you observe, is a very different thing from sameness or equality. The Jewish temple, says the writer to the Hebrews, was made after the pattern of heavenly things, or served as "the example and shadow" of holy things. It copied down the things of heaven on its own plane and in its own degree; and in this sense there is an exact analogy between our life and the life of Christ. This is shown in four things.

His spirit must be ours. We cannot do the deeds which he did; but all our deeds can be done in the spirit of Christ. This, in fact, is the exhortation of the Apostle: "Let this same *mind* be in you that was also in Christ Jesus." The same spirit, the same temper, the same love, may be in us, so that, though we do not the same works, we may work for the same ends. The spirit that warms the heart in the humblest scene of work-day care or of household labor, may be precisely the same spirit that lighted up the scene at the grave of Lazarus, or that calmed the waters on the Lake of Galilee.

The Divine incarnation in Christ was designed to bring down into our world the more immediate sphere and presence of the Godhead, and thus to light up all the annals of this earth with the Divine Love,—to make Christ the central figure of all human history, to make all its outgoings the developments of Christian benevolence,—until Christ knits all the nations together in the bonds of fellowship and peace. What Christ is to the whole world, he would make every individual follower in his own little world of duty and care.

As Christ is to fill the earth with the spirit of the Lord, so the Christian is to fill his home and the circle all around it with the same spirit, so that under every roof there shall be a new Divine Advent, the image and the copy of God's great advent to the race. Thus we see, that, though we may not do the same things that Christ did, yet every man and every little child may make his own small sphere of action the image and the copy of that wider sphere of Christ which extends over the earth and through endless time.

Not only his spirit, but *his death, must be ours*. It hath pleased the Father in bringing many sons unto glory to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through suffering. All through the New Testament, how much emphasis is laid upon the death of Christ! "He purchased us with his blood." He is the lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Paul says he glories "only in the *cross* of Christ." From such phraseology as this, it comes to pass that the Church has come to fix its eye mainly and almost exclusively on a single scene in the earthly career of the Saviour, — the scene on Calvary. There it is supposed the whole stress of the Gospel lies, there the whole work of redemption is wrought out. Now you will see, on a faithful reading of the New Testament, that the death of Christ does not mean the mere rending away of the fleshly body. If so, he is an example in suffering to a very few of us; for how few of his followers are called to a death of martyrdom! By the death of Christ is meant the denial and putting away of the whole selfish and earthly nature. This is precisely what the cross symbolizes; and for this purpose it is emblazoned on the Christian banner. So it was that Christ died. Through temptation, trial, suffering, — through the deserts and Gethsemanes, as well as the Calvaries of life, — he died to this world, and to all its seductions and applauses. Calvary was only one of the scenes in this progressive work; and when Paul says we die with him, we are buried with him, he means very clearly, we follow in the same path of self-denials,

till there is nothing more to be denied,—the old sinful man is dead and buried, and all its motions cease. This is dying with Christ. This is taking up the cross. This is following him in the regeneration. And how exactly in all this is he our pattern and example! And what a light is thrown back from his cross over all our sufferings and self-denials! We may not always see the mighty work which they accomplish within us; but, looking at that glorious pattern that leads us on, we may know that every defeat we suffer and every pain we bear, if we turn them to this account, will be weakening and rending away some clogs and hinderances of the spirit, and be the prelude of victory and of triumph. What encouragement is here! What hope and inspiration from the cross! Denials and sufferings are not so much meaningless torture and agony,—to the Christian they are the dying of the old earthly nature, and a preparation to a complete and glorious victory. All this will come to us if we keep the eye steadily on the cross of Christ, and take in the whole meaning of the symbol.

His resurrection must be ours. “We are buried with him by baptism into death,—that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection.” All human progress is a death and a resurrection, and of this the death and resurrection of Christ are the heaven-drawn picture and representation. From his childhood he began to die, and just in that degree he began to rise. The earthly nature waned and disappeared, and in the same degree Divine nature broke forth unclouded and all-refulgent. On one side the desert and Gethsemane and Calvary, on the other side Transfiguration Mount. Now in the guise of our broken and suffering humanity, “having no beauty that we should desire him;” then clothed in sunlight splendors, so that John fell at his feet as dead. As the earthly body dropped off, the Divine body was put on, and

death cleared away the scaffolding that the Divine man might appear. How exactly in this likeness do all his saints arise! In all our sufferings and self-denials we die to the old corruptions; and in the same degree we put on a glorified body. Death simply clears away the last of the old scaffolding, and then the celestial man appears in the likeness of his Lord; so that death and resurrection are not something strange and miraculous,—not some anomaly thrown in upon the universe,—but the evolution of an all-beneficent and all-beautiful law; and we never grasp it and take it home to us, till we look and see where the Son of Man is lifted up, and from that bright and blessed example see the light stream back over all our lowly condition, and light up all the mysteries of the grave.

Once more, *His ascension must be ours*. He disappeared on Ascension Mount from the eye of his disciples, went up far above all principalities and powers,—up to such perfect oneness with the Father as to be the medium of Divine power and blessing through all ranks of angels and to the Church on earth for evermore. Here, too, he is the exact image and exemplar of the ascension of the believer, of his future rise and progress to more perfect union with his Lord, and to higher and broader instrumentalities of Divine blessing and beneficence, above all the clogs and hinderances and narrow conditions of our gross and earthly mortality. “He ascended on high and gave gifts unto men.” So as we die with him and rise with him, we also ascend and become more perfect and transparent mediums of the Divine light, beneficence, and love. So we follow Christ from birth to death, from death to resurrection, from resurrection to Ascension Mount; and we see the glory that falls back from this august example upon the low estate, the splendid possibilities, and the endless destination of our own humanity.

Such is Christ as an example. It appears from this exposition that he is not properly a pattern for imitation,—that he is more than a teacher to tell us about duty and about

heavenly things. He is himself a revelation of Divine truth. Life, death, resurrection, immortality — all the possibilities of our weak and frail human nature — are shown and illustrated. A light streams upon us from this example, illustrating all the stages of our life from cradled infancy to the glorified seraph. Not only so, we are not left to imitate him by trying to mimic his excellences. In him we get life and strength to act, not from imitation, but from original promptings and inspirations in the soul. "I will be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Christ, then, is not an example to us in any such sense as the patterns of sainthood which we read of in the lives of good men. He is the revelation of a Divine Humanity through which life and strength roll in like a river upon our suffering nature, to heal and to bless, and he imparts power to his followers to act, not after some model, but from the inbreathings of God in the soul.

REMINISCENCES OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

1830 - 1832.

ONE morning, about the end of March, 1830, the writer of these reminiscences entered Charleston for the first time. His conveyance was a commodious stage-coach, and the company it contained had become pleasantly acquainted, in the course of a long journey by day and by night. The writer was, in stage-standing as in years, the youngest of the group, having joined the stage at Raleigh, N. C., on his way to a field of duty at the South, he being, as humorously styled by a fellow-traveller, "a journeyman soul-saver."

Through a level country we approached the level city. The beautiful spire of St. Michael's, towering above less conspicuous belfries, arrested the eye, as the ferry-boat

bore us across the broad Cooper, — the river which, uniting at Charleston with the Ashley, perpetuates the name of Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, one of the patentees of South Carolina in the reign of the second Charles. The restless and intriguing spirit of the Earl, joined with high abilities and a strong sense of personal honor, made him no unfit patron for the colony that was destined to become the South Carolina of our days.

My first home in Charleston was at Jones's Hotel, then the principal one of the city. Jones was a free colored man, and so, though wealthy, could not be out o' nights without a pass, for which he would apply to one or another of his numerous boarders. At his house, however, my stay was brief, being soon invited to those hospitalities which so many visitors have shared with delight, and which I in following years so often enjoyed, where refinement, genius, and kindness clustered around the table of the "Northern Laureate." That name was given to Dr. G——, in questionable compliment, by a Southern statesman, in reference to his Union Ode, sung at a Fourth of July celebration by the Union party. The Ode — beginning,

" Hail, our country's natal morn !
Hail, our spreading kindred born !
Hail, thou banner, not yet torn,
Waving o'er the free ! " —

was fairly inscribed on the silver surface of a vase, presented, by those who felt its sentiment, to its author.

My first garden walk in Charleston ! I had left snow and ice at Cambridge, and cold ground and sharp winds at Washington ; but now, in my host's garden, I seemed to be in fairy-land. The season was flush with flowers ; it seemed to me like late summer rather than early spring. Myrtles, and other shrubs, whose names we associate rather with fancy than with fact, gave the impression of Arcadia ; and my entertainers, " Arcades ambo," were fit tenants of so bright a scene.

My first ride on a railway! It was not with steam-power, nor with horse-power, — nor, as I afterwards travelled in the same region, with negro-power, four stout Africans singing vociferously as they turned the handles of a small self-moving car to which that which bore the passengers was attached. No; this was in the earliest days of railway locomotion. Of the Charleston and Augusta road, one of the earliest in the country, only one mile was as yet completed, and on this a small car had been placed, for the amusement of the public and the profit of its projector, propelled by means of a sail. I took my seat, and a gentle breeze wafted me smoothly on, while I thought of Milton, and of

“ the sandy plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany wagons light.”

In after years I travelled often on that railroad, in its more advanced state, though I can scarcely say in its completeness; for it was built on trestle-work, its interminable bridge stretching away over fields and swamps, and the work of filling in being left to be effected by degrees.

Among my first impressions of Charleston, the sense of insecurity on the part of its inhabitants held a place. The city seemed to be in a permanent state of siege. The police were in military uniform, and one of these seeming soldiers was stationed in the porch of each church during the time of service. At evening, close following a sweet chime from St. Michael's, resounded the drum-beat, signal to the black population that they must no longer be found abroad. If any were so, without a written pass from some white person, he was liable to be arrested and punished. Then, about the centre of the wide base from which the triangular city stretches out between its two rivers, stood a large brick building, bearing the warlike name of “The Citadel.” It was built around a quadrangle, and was provided with means of military defence. The class who were to be held in awe by these means swarmed on every side. I thought I

could perceive in their demeanor a more subdued and cringing aspect than that with which I had been familiar among their brethren at Washington; but this may have been the fancy of a youth. I witnessed a slave-sale. It was on the piazza of the Custom-House; and several, of both sexes, changed their masters. The scene was loathsome to me, — indescribably so; but more from the idea of man being made merchandise, than from any exhibition of grief on the part of the "chattels," or of brutality on that of the ruling race. The transaction seemed viewed by both parties as a common occurrence.

My visits to Charleston were frequent and long enough to afford me some intercourse with its refined society, beyond the friends to whom reference has already been made. And to that society it is but justice, to bear witness to its elegance and its courtesy. Among my remembrances is the studio of an artist, a gentleman of property and polished manners, who, not content to be merely wealthy, had won himself an honorable reputation as a sculptor. As I write, scene after scene rises before me, of domestic ease, or of social enjoyment, with the grace of fashion but without its affectation, and with a genial courtesy that made the young stranger feel at home.

The society of South Carolina has a strong infusion of the French element, derived from those Huguenots by whom some of the first settlements were made. The names, half Anglicized in pronunciation, still indicate their source. One of these French names, its possessor informed me, was traced farther back to an Italian form, in which it had been borne by a Doge of Venice, from whom he claimed descent. None of these foreign appellations is better known through the Union than that of Huger. I met, at a later period of my Southern residence, the brave old Colonel of that name, and heard from his lips the narrative of his chivalrous attempt, with Dr. Bollmar, to rescue Lafayette from his imprisonment at Olmutz.

Of the churches in Charleston, I have already mentioned St. Michael's. This, a fine stone building, dedicated to worship according to Episcopal order, stands at the corner of King and Meeting Streets, the two widest streets in the city, the other three corners being occupied by public buildings for secular purposes, — the City Hall, Guard-House, and, if I remember rightly, an office for the deposit of records. St. Michael's dates from before the Revolution, and its interior, in the ecclesiastical style of that period, reminded me of King's Chapel in Boston, though probably larger than that church. It is embellished with numerous monumental tablets, though in this respect it yielded to St. Philip's, a still more ancient church, which was destroyed by fire during my residence at the South. In St. Philip's not only were the walls incrusting with mural tablets, but tablets in various styles of ornament and inscription were affixed to the columns, giving to the edifice an aspect of solemn and venerable grandeur. The exterior of St. Michael's, of white stone, is adorned with a steeple which appeared to me of remarkable beauty, combining massiveness with grace. It contains a chime of bells, whose sweet voices were heard, when I was there, each quarter of an hour. On the roof of the belfry, where the diminished size of the next story of the steeple leaves an encircling walk, a sentinel was stationed at night.

Next to these churches I may rightly name the Circular Church, for Independent or Presbyterian worship, — a plain but spacious edifice of brick, in the shape of the Roman Pantheon. This church and one in Archdale Street were formerly connected by a singular arrangement, the two congregations being known collectively as the Independent Church, and supplied by two ministers, who officiated alternately in each. But in 1817 a large portion of the compound society having, with the pastor of their choice, adopted Unitarian opinions, a separation took place, and the building in Archdale Street became known as the Second Independent, or, in popular usage, the Unitarian Church.

Guided by a friend, now long since dead, but whose kindness I well remember, I visited the Jewish Synagogue, during the Saturday hour of service. That service has been often described, yet some who read these reminiscences may not be aware of its peculiarities. The building resembled a church with side galleries; but, instead of pulpit and pews, there was a railed platform in the centre of the edifice, an ornamented press or book-case at the farther end, and benches around. The platform was occupied by several persons, who read in turn; but my Hebrew ear was not sufficiently acute even to identify the language. Suddenly, however, in the midst of the foreign sounds, came in a few words of good plain English. These were "the United States of America and the State of South Carolina." Whether these modern names were considered incapable of being translated into Hebrew, or whether the worshippers thought it best that their prayer for State and nation should be recognized as such by their fellow-citizens, I was not informed. Occasionally, persons from the body of the congregation entered the railed enclosure, while others withdrew from it to take their seats on the benches without. Those who officiated wore scarfs, and the whole assembly wore their hats. The galleries were occupied by the females.

During my residence at the South, I had the pleasure of forming many acquaintances among the people whose mode of worship I have thus described, and among them were some for whom I cherished a high respect. They were among the most intelligent and honored members of society in the cities where they resided.

I was led by the same kind conductor to visit the City Hall and the Jail. In the former building I was shown the pillory, the instrument of a punishment antiquated elsewhere, and, I hope, since abolished in South Carolina. The pillory consisted of a platform, supporting upon upright beams a sort of yoke, with apertures for the head and hands; and in this frame the culprit was to be exposed to the view and to

the insults of the crowd. In the Jail, the presence of my companion procured me a general inspection of the building. It was spacious, and appeared to be neatly kept. I found that it was used for the confinement of insane persons as well as criminals. The impression of this was painful, but the fact was no uncommon one, thirty years ago, and before our people in general had had their attention strongly directed to the claims of the victims of insanity by the philanthropic labors of Miss Dix.

After our general view of the prison, the keeper observed, "Perhaps you would like to see a prisoner who has lately been sent here; he is from the North, and this gentleman may possibly know something about him." With these words he led us to a room of comfortable dimensions and well lighted, where a young sailor rose to meet us. His name was Edward Smith, and he had been arrested for distributing incendiary pamphlets. His account of it was, that, on leaving Boston, some person had given him these pamphlets and asked him to circulate them in Charleston, and that he had done so without knowing their character. The book was "Walker's Pamphlet," the first publication, I think, that was made in Boston on the subject of slavery. I have heard the pamphlet described as of a highly incendiary character, but cannot vouch for the truth of the account. I asked him some questions, in the hope of being useful to one whose appearance made me think he had been rather indiscreet than criminal; but my introducer showed great uneasiness, and soon cut short the colloquy. I afterwards saw by the papers that Smith had been found guilty, and sentenced to a long imprisonment.

Among my subsequent visits to Charleston was one during the height of the Nullification excitement in 1832. It will be remembered that the cause of this excitement was the unpopularity of the then existing tariff or revenue law, which was thought to press heavily upon the Southern States for the benefit of the manufacturing interest, the seat of which was

principally at the North. South Carolina, denying the constitutionality of the law, assembled, at the call of the Legislature, a Convention, invested with extraordinary powers; and by this Convention an Ordinance was passed, declaring the revenue law to be unconstitutional, and therefore null and void. The State did not, as at present, resolve on secession; but its purpose was to resist the execution of the obnoxious law, and, if it should be enforced, to appeal to the sword. A conversation which I had with a very intelligent young lawyer, himself a member of the Nullifying party in Georgia, showed me that the real cause of the movement lay deeper than in the laws relating to revenue. He represented the matter thus: that the sentiments of the North and South were opposed on the subject of slavery. "We are not afraid," said he, "of what emissaries from the North can do to excite our slaves, so much as of the impression made on our own people by their visits to the North. They go there for purposes of trade or pleasure in great numbers every season; and if this continues, they will bring back with them abolition ideas. Our only security is in a separation." But what his candor revealed to me was not the argument used before the world. This fact suggests the suspicion, that, in the present excitement, the leaders of the Secessionists have far deeper motives than those which they employ to stir up the passions of the people.

I visited Charleston during the height of this excitement, for the purpose of exchanging pulpit services with one of the clergymen of the city; and, my residence being distant, the exchange was arranged for a month. The nullifying ordinance had been passed; and General James Hamilton had ordered a cargo of sugar from the West Indies, for the express purpose of proving that it could and would be carried into effect. The party which had the ascendancy designated themselves as the State Rights party, but were more commonly known throughout the country as the Nullifiers. Their members might generally be recognized in Charleston by the

blue cockade, which they wore as a badge of their enrolment in the service of the State for the contest which seemed approaching. On the other hand, the "Union and State Rights party" — for they too claimed to be State Rights men — were not much less numerous than their opponents, and had also their own military organization, the difference being, as I was told, that the drill meetings of the one party were public, and those of the other private. The Union party were contemptuously styled Submission-men by the Nullifiers; but while they submitted to law, they had no thought of submitting to the ruin of their country, but were prepared, if called on, to stand up for the preservation of the national Union.

Shortly before I arrived, the processions of the two parties had met in the streets, and it had required all the address of the Union leaders to prevent a hostile encounter. But the first news I received was an indication of a more hopeful character. The evening before, a meeting had been held, at which General Hamilton had made known that, in consequence of some advices from Washington, he had concluded not at present to test the power of the law; adding, however, that he knew, if the hope of a peaceful settlement failed, his fellow-citizens "would go to the death with him for his sugar." As the collector's office had been removed to one of the forts, which were all strongly garrisoned, and a vessel of war was also stationed in the harbor, the conduct of General Hamilton in postponing the entrance of his sugar without payment of duties was not less prudent than patriotic. But though the firmness of the President, and the conciliatory spirit displayed in Congress, gave hope of the danger passing away, the excitement was not yet allayed, and the possibility of a bloody result still existed.

It was under these circumstances that I went, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, on an excursion in the harbor. Among us was the daughter of a leading Nullifier; and as a United States flag lay in the boat beside her, she put it

from her with an expression of disgust, which had more of sportful than of serious meaning. We landed at Sullivan's Island, the summer retreat of the inhabitants of Charleston. The purpose to which it is devoted, and its position in reference to the city, reminded me of Nahant, but the island itself is very different. Instead of rocky hills, it is a long beach of sand. At that point of the island which commands the channel, stands the famous Fort Moultrie. Entrance was not allowed under the doubtful circumstances of the time, but we wandered around its walls upon the landward side, and observed the style of its construction, — a high enclosure of stone, with advancing angles, so as to command the approach of a foe from whatever direction. It is about seven miles from the city. Of Fort Sumter I have no remembrance, and suppose that it was not then built. It is situated, the newspapers inform us, a mile from Fort Moultrie, on the opposite or the southern side of the channel. But in going to the island and in returning we passed Castle Pinckney, a large and lofty circular place of defence, much nearer to the city than either of the others, and which had then been supplied, we were told, with the means for its bombardment. When, somewhat later, peaceful feelings had resumed their reign, and the commander at Castle Pinckney proposed to give a ball to the citizens, a clerical gentleman made the remark, that, if things had gone otherwise, the Colonel would have given them a good many balls.

At another time I visited the Citadel, which stands, as already mentioned, about the middle of the landward side of Charleston. My conductor was a gentleman of excellent character, modest and amiable, but whose political opinions coincided with the ruling party in the State, and who, whether he fully approved the course of its leaders or not, felt bound in honor to stand by them in the hour of danger. The conversation which occurred between us impressed me much at the time, and its repetition may perhaps soften the bitterness of feeling towards those in South Carolina, of whom there

are probably many, situated as my friend was then. As we walked towards the Citadel, we conversed upon the abstract political question with which the excitement around us was connected, the question of free trade or a protective tariff; and Mr. H—— (so I will call him) expressed his views in favor of the former, and spoke with admiration of a recent essay by Dr. Channing upon the subject,—the article on the Union, now printed in the first volume of that great man's works. From this subject we passed to another on which Dr. Channing had written,—that of Peace. We had been admitted into the Citadel, and entered a hall where numerous swords lay on a large table, while other weapons were arranged around. Some young Carolinians were examining the swords, and expressing their ideas upon the kind they would prefer, evidently with not a little military gusto. We turned to a window overlooking the quadrangle within, and saw before us the State Guard, who garrisoned the building, going through their drill. In this warlike scene my friend continued his observations on peace; expressing his agreement with Dr. Channing's views on that subject, and his hope that the time would come when all such military preparations as we saw around would be discontinued as needless, and when war should be no more. I evinced my surprise at such words from one of a party then actually in arms against the government; and spoke of the young men we had just seen selecting swords, and sporting their blue cockades. "It is true," he replied, "and I have my cockade also, though I do not make a display of it, but carry it in my pocket. I am enrolled as well as others. Much as I regret the approach of civil war, I agree in opinion with the State Rights party, and I must in honor share their danger." The next morning, as I went abroad, Mr. H—— met me with the news of Mr. Clay's suggestion of a compromise. The danger of civil war was over, and we shook hands warmly in mutual congratulation.

I do not know whether my old acquaintance is now living, or whether his admiration followed Dr. Channing, when that great writer turned his attention to slavery. But I can well

believe that there are now in Charleston men like him, who deplore the existence of that evil, but conceive it to be inseparably connected with the prosperity of the State, and even with the personal safety of themselves and their families; who, lovers of peace, yet suppose themselves called to the dread necessity of war; and who, bearing the badge of secession, turn yet a lingering look of fond farewell to the Union which their fathers joined with ours in forming.

The condition of South Carolina, social and geographical, can alone explain the seeming madness of her people on the subject of slavery. By the census of 1850, South Carolina and Mississippi were the only two States in which the number of slaves exceeded that of white persons; and while in Mississippi the difference was trifling, in South Carolina it was in a proportion of more than four to three; — the numbers being 274,563 whites, and 384,984 slaves, with 8,960 free persons of color. More than this, in some districts the slaves outnumber their masters in a fearful ratio. The seaboard districts (with the exception of Horry, the northernmost, which has more whites than blacks) number about 40,000 white persons, and more than 125,000 slaves. Among these, in the district of Beaufort there are more than five slaves to one white person; and in that of Georgetown there are eight slaves to one white. These regions are swampy, devoted to the cultivation of rice and of sea-island cotton, and are considered uninhabitable for a white laboring population. They yield at present the richest products of the State; while to remove the black population, were it practicable, would be, not only to ruin the proud aristocracy of the State, but to consign these wide regions to utter solitude. In the midst of this portion of the State stands Charleston, the only city of importance which it contains, and which must perish in the desolation of the surrounding country.

In such a region, the removal of slavery by colonization is evidently out of the question; and colonization is regarded at the South as the indispensable condition of emancipation. The people of South Carolina, therefore, regard the perma-

nence of slavery as a necessity ; and while they know that public opinion throughout the civilized world is more and more directed against it, this knowledge excites them, not to concede to that opinion, but to brace themselves against it with the firmness of desperation. It is in vain they are told that no attack is intended by any political party upon slavery in the States. They reply that measures not contemplated now may be called for hereafter by the growing madness (as they style it) of mankind. Hence they see no safety but in secession. Even that, could it be peaceably effected, would at best but postpone the dreaded evil ; for public opinion crosses frontier lines, and is not to be arrested by ordinances or proclamations.

I greatly fear that the course pursued by South Carolina, if persevered in, instead of averting the emancipation of her slaves, will hasten it in its most fearful form, that of a servile war. Should such a war break out, the overwhelming numbers of the insurgents, aided by a climate favorable to them and dangerous to their pursuers, may, after years of unimagined horrors, convert the lowland districts of the State into a black republic, while some Dessalines or Christophe rules in Charleston.

To avert such evil, two ways present themselves. The one is, a course of gradual emancipation, or rather amelioration of the slave system. Let the effort be to convert them from bondsmen into vassals, the master not resigning his power, but gaining for it an increase of dignity by surrounding it with just restrictions, and exercising it as magistrate, not as owner. Let education be no longer forbidden, but promoted. The lower class, as they become intelligent, and acquire some humble rights of property, will recognize the advantages they receive from the existing order of things ; while the moral restraint on the increase of population beginning to be felt, and the country under the influence of cultivation becoming more salubrious, the disproportion between the races will be diminished, and the relation between them remain for ages that of feudal protection and obedience.

The other way is simpler still. It is only to do right according to the light now enjoyed, and leave events to God. If the people of South Carolina do not see it to be best to take any step towards emancipation now, with themselves rests the whole decision of the question. But let them not resolve that their grandchildren shall see the subject as they do ; nor break up the Union, because, a hundred years hence, some attack may be made on slavery in the States. The Ruler of nations is wise and just and merciful. They who would anticipate the work of his providence may do harm where they intend good ; but alas for those who place themselves in defiance to its irresistible course !

S. G. B.

RANDOM READINGS.

TRUE HEROISM.

WE mean the heroism of patience and a wise moderation, their heroism who are resolved not to precipitate a fearful strife, and to strike no blow until every peaceable method has been exhausted. That is a very cheap bravery which blusters and vapors at a safe distance, — that is not a very costly bravery which, incensed by unreasonableness, is swift to wrath ; — he is a hero who can stand, match in hand, at the loaded guns, and defer the order to fire hour after hour, in the hope that it may not be necessary. Here is an example of it clipped from one of the daily journals, which amidst much that is saddening in these times are not without cheering items : —

“ Captain Doubleday, who is with Major Anderson in Fort Sumter, writes, under date of January 6th, to General Segoin, of Auburn, N. Y.: ‘There is no such word as surrender in Major Anderson. The war garrison of the fort is six hundred men. We have about seventy ; but should they attack us, I hope the country at large will have no reason to find fault with our defence. One of our boats and some of our men have been captured. All communication has been cut off with us, except such as the Governor chooses to authorize,

and yet we hesitate to fire upon them. Major Anderson still hopes that wise counsels may prevail among them, and that something will occur to prevent the impending strife."

A CHAPTER ON FOOLS.

It would be very difficult to define exactly what a fool is, or to fix the line between fools and wise men. The reputed *compotes* sometimes say and do more foolish things than the *non compotes*; and the latter are capable of saying some very bright things. Shakespeare's fools often show more sense than their masters. Sometimes a whole community shows itself so utterly bereft of common sense as to leave us in doubt whether there is any such thing as perfect *compos mentis* here on the earth. A person for some time will seem remarkably sensible; put him in another position and he will act like a fool. We readily believe all that is told about improving the condition of idiots, and we think the time will come when the distinction between them and the non-idiots will be purely arbitrary.

In Ramsay's "Reminiscences," noticed on another page, there is an interesting chapter illustrating this subject. The "parish idiots" say some of the brightest things in the book. The congregation of Lunan in Forfarshire were in the habit of sleeping under the sermon. Jamie Fraser, however, the parish idiot, always kept awake. The minister very naturally was annoyed by this habit, and one Sunday undertook to reprove it: "You see even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep, as so many of you are doing."

Jamie did not relish this personality. Few people like to be singled out and talked to in meeting, and this direct allusion roused Jamie's latent wit, and he replied: "An' I hadna been an idiot, I wad ha' been sleeping too."

Another of these parish idiots lived in Peebles, and was known as Daft Yedie. Daft Yedie once met a gentleman with a club-foot and fell to philosophizing on so strange a phenomenon. He went up and surveyed it attentively, and said, compassionately, "It's a great pity, — it spoils the boot."

Daft Yedie had got hold of one end of a great truth, for it is a fair question whether fops in general are worth the leather and cloth which must be accommodated to their persons.

Daft Yedie's remark may be fairly paralleled to one which a distinguished lawyer is said to have made, looking out from his office window into the street, seeing a man and a monkey with a crowd of boys about them.

"What do you see that interests you, Mr. B.?"

"O, quite a curiosity. Here's a *monkey leading a man with a chain.*"

It may humble our pride to be told that all the essential difference between the *compotes* and the *non compotes* lies in physical organization, but such is probably the case. The latter are in some bondage to the body; some organ or some fibre will not do its office, and when the physical body falls off and sets the mind free, the mind will have its full development and progress. The minds of the wisest men sometimes disappear under a cloud, because some congeries of fibres has been wrongly played upon or refuses to do its office, and not only a second childhood, but idiocy supervenes. Sometimes a small matter will knock some screw out of a man's mind, and *pro tanto* he is *non compos*. An old soldier, after an operation on the brain, was found to have forgotten the numbers five and seven; and a school-master, after a brain-fever, was found to have lost all knowledge of the letter F. So says the Edinburgh Review. The old practice of hammering knowledge into the brains of dunces is not to be recommended, though it would seem from a recent writer it had some chances of success. Dr. Pritchard is reported as saying that a case came to his knowledge of an idiot boy who received an injury on the head, and from that time his faculties brightened, and he became a man of good talents and practised as a barrister. He had two brothers who were also idiots, and always remained so, their heads never having received any concussion. As a general rule, however, teachers who cudgel the heads of their pupils are those who have the fewest and dullest brains in their own.

Idiots manifest a religious nature sometimes very strongly. John McLymont was for preaching, and one Sunday he got into the pulpit in advance of the minister.

"Come down, sir, immediately!" said the minister, on arriving.

"Na, na," was the reply, "juist ye come up wi' me. This is a perverse generation, and, faith, they need us baith."

Mr. Ramsay cites another case among the parish idiots, showing an activity of the religious nature so intense as to shatter the physi-

cal organism, and set the mind free on its endless progress. The poor boy asked permission to come to the Lord's table. The clergyman at first refused, thinking no doubt the rite would be desecrated, and that the petitioner did not know what he said. At length the clergyman yielded, however, to the earnestness of the poor boy, who was deeply and even violently affected with the ceremony. All the way home he was heard to exclaim, "O, I have seen the pretty man!" referring to the Lord Jesus, whom he approached in the sacrament. When he went to rest at night he kept repeating the words, "O, I have seen the pretty man!" He did not come down in the morning, and on going to his bed they found the body had given way,—the soul had left it and risen among the glories it thirsted for. Thus the soul, if kept pure and single, tends to slough off the covering that holds it in bondage, and rise into clear heavenly wisdom; while knowledge abused goes out and becomes extinct. The great law of retribution holds here, and the first become last, and the last first. The fools become wise, and the wise for a bad end become fools.

S.

THE TIMES.

THOUGH we plunge not into the troubled waters, we are painfully alive to the agitations of the sea all about us and the dangers that threaten us. We have just received a pamphlet by William H. Holcombe, M. D., of New Orleans, author of a beautiful volume of poems in the spirit of the New Church. It is difficult to conceive how a person can write at one time in so good a spirit, and at another in a spirit so thoroughly bad. The pamphlet bears the title, "The Alternative: A Separate Nationality, or the Africanization of the South,"—and totally misconceives and misrepresents the aims and sentiments of Northern people. And here comes back a "Monthly Magazine" all the way from Nashville, Tenn., with this superscription written upon it, which we should smile over, except that it shows the fatal mistakes which sometimes become epidemic:—

"Your periodical is rejected. Until you cease to be covenant-breakers, and until you repudiate Nullification by a repeal of your Personal Liberty Bill, and learn to respect the rights of your Southern countrymen, the South will utterly and forever refuse to have friendly intercourse or interchange with you.

W. W. S."

The Personal Liberty Bill is not a nullifying ordinance, but was designed to protect the free colored people of Massachusetts. Those who enacted it *thought* it constitutional; whether it is or not, the legal tribunals will decide impartially when it comes before them. It has never deprived the South of a single slave, and it never can. In 1856 an act to repeal it was introduced into the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, and passed to a third reading, and would undoubtedly have passed finally, had not news come the next morning that a Senator of Massachusetts had been knocked down in his place and carried out covered with his gore.

There is another provision of the Constitution which they who talk of "covenant-breaking" would do well to read: "THE CITIZENS OF EACH STATE SHALL BE ENTITLED TO ALL PRIVILEGES AND IMMUNITIES OF CITIZENS IN THE SEVERAL STATES." What would "W. W. S." say of it if the citizens of Tennessee, as soon as they touched the soil of the Bay State, were mobbed or gibbeted for their opinions, or for the hue of their complexion were imprisoned and sold at auction to pay their jail-fees? This is what Massachusetts has borne for years without secession, whereas we believe no slave was ever arrested on her soil without being "delivered up."

Two things become perfectly obvious. Notwithstanding the increased facilities of human intercourse, the different sections of the Union totally misunderstand each other. Mr. Holcombe opens with the declaration, "When Lincoln is in place, Garrison will be in power;" and he imagines that a whole army of John Browns are coming to free the negroes. Every man *here* of common candor and intelligence knows that, in the vast body of Northern citizens, the sentiment is all but unanimous against the least political interference with slavery in the States. So strong is this sentiment, that we have not a doubt that Mason and Dixon's line might be made to bristle with Northern bayonets if necessary to protect Southern homes from ruthless invasion. The demand of the North is, "Clear us of this horrible responsibility of extending slavery. Take the whole responsibility of slavery yourselves. Do not make *us* its propagandists over new soil, and we are content to leave it with *you*, who have inherited the institution, and to the benign influences of an advancing Christian civilization."

And it becomes obvious enough, in the second place, that this high ground is the only safe ground, and can never be compromised.

Yield that now, and more awful convulsions are sure to follow. Slavery must be withdrawn from the national politics, and be made strictly a local State institution, or we never shall have peace. Give up the territories to it now, and the next demand will surely be, "Give up the free States to it also. Let slaves be brought thither as property under the United States Constitution and kept there." The distinction between free and slave States will be merely nominal, and this becomes a great black republic, whose main object is to extend human bondage and protect it. No sane man will imagine that with this policy inaugurated we have anything in prospect but the throes of revolution. The question can be settled now better than at any other time. We hope it will be, peacefully if possible, and that with firmness for the right Northern men will unite kindness, conciliation, all possible forbearance, and a scrupulous regard for all the rights of their Southern countrymen. Above all we hope there is manhood enough in the country to save us from conceding a single hair's breadth to threats and gasconading, to maintain the righteous sovereignty of government, and make treason yield to the majesty of law.

S.

ON A PICTURE.

WHAT would this world be without children? we have often heard people ask. What would heaven be without children, is a question quite as pertinent, and forces itself upon us as the little ones are translated from this world before any blight has fallen upon their purity. One third of those who are born upon the earth are drawn up into the heavens before sin has touched them, like drops of dew exhaled in the morning and reflecting the glorious rainbow on the evening sky. When we lose them, our loss seems irreparable, and we go forth weeping; but we look up, and ever up, and find they are not lost, but gone to be the living transparencies of the Divine light and love, and to shed down upon us the softened lustre of the heavens. Such are the children who, in the language of Burke, are "put in the place of ancestors."

Here is a picture hanging upon the study wall, which brings up a throng of images from the past. There is the clear dark eye which used to flash fire and sunshine, and which almost *glows* now from the wall; the countenance that used to light up with so much brilliancy

of thought and of love. The living face vanished away from sight, but the mind and soul have plastic power over form, feature, and expression; so we are very sure that the spiritual body wears the same countenance as that in the picture, only beautiful in the tints of immortality, and that we are to see it again, — another and yet the same. We do not know that we can hang anything under this picture to describe the memories and hopes which it ever brings afresh better than the verses of Aldrich. If the verses prompt the reader to read the whole poem, which we only quote from, unless he has done so already, he will agree with us that there are few things of the kind equal to it.

BABIE BELL.

Have you not heard the poet tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of Heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the purple depths of even, —
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to Heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers, — those feet
So light, they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels.
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
And all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours.

And now the orchards, which in June
Were white and rosy in their bloom —
Filling the crystal veins of air
With gentle pulses of perfume
Were rich in Autumn's mellow prime,
The plums were globes of honeyed wine, —
The hived sweets of summer-time!
The ivory chestnut burst its shell;
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell.
The grapes were purpling in the grange,

And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Babie Bell !

Her tiny form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face !
Her angel nature ripened too.
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now. . . .

Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame !

It came upon us by degrees ;
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell !
We shuddered with unlanguage pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears,
Like sunshine into rain !

We cried aloud in our belief,
" O, smite us gently, gently, God !
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah ! how we loved her God can tell ;
Her little heart was cased in ours !

Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell !
At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands :
And what did dainty Babie Bell ?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair !
We parted back her silken hair ;
We laid some buds upon her brow,
White buds, like scented flakes of snow, —
Death's bride arrayed in flowers !
And thus went dainty Babie Bell
Out of this world of ours !

ANOTHER PICTURE.

It is of one whose living features we never looked upon, but who
touched this earth just long enough to give those that knew her a

higher ideal of angelic womanhood. There is the placid expanse of forehead, the eye dark, mild, and thoughtful, as if looking into the serene deeps and seeing things unveiled to faith alone; a blending about the lips of sweet affection and holy purpose, an expression over the whole countenance of almost unearthly purity, and withal of calm and modest surprise, such as we might suppose her to have had when she rose up among the shining ones, and saw for the first time the heavenly purities unveiled. It seems to say, "This I believed in; this I hoped for; but how high and blissful the reality!" Was there something in her life and spirit that foretokened the heavenly beatitudes, or mildly anticipated their dawn, and has the artist here caught it and preserved it to bless the eyes and hearts of parents and friends? Heaven must be brought nearer to them, and draw them with more attractive force; home must be more fragrant of the Christian graces, in the consciousness that such a life has been perfected there, and that there is such a "messenger of love" between that and the eternal abodes.

The following lines are already familiar to some of our readers. They will be glad to preserve them in permanent form:—

NAPLES, 1860.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT C. WATERSTON, OF BOSTON.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In introducing this beautiful poem to our readers, we take the liberty of mentioning, without the author's permission, that a lovely girl of seventeen, Helen Waterston, daughter of Rev. Mr. Waterston, of Boston, and granddaughter of the venerable Josiah Quincy, lies buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Naples. A verse of our poet's is on her tombstone:—

Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

[Eds. Independent.

I give thee joy!—I know to thee
The dearest spot on earth must be
Where sleeps thy loved one by the summer sea,—

Where, near her sweetest poet's tomb,
The land of Virgil gave thee room
To lay thy flower with her perpetual bloom.

I know that when the sky shut down
Behind thee on the gleaming town,
On Baiæ's baths and Posilippo's crown ;

And, through thy tears, the mocking day
Burned Ischia's mountain lines away,
And Capri melted in its sunny bay ;

Through thy great farewell sorrow shot
The sharp pang of a bitter thought,
That slaves must tread around that holy spot.

Thou knewest not the land was blest
In giving thy beloved rest,
Holding the fond hope closer to her breast.

That every sweet and saintly grave
Was freedom's prophecy, and gave
The pledge of heaven to sanctify and save.

That pledge is answered. To thy ear
The unchanged city sends its cheer,
And, turned to joy, the muffled bells of fear

Ring Victor in. The land sits free
And happy by the summer sea,
And Bourbon Naples now is Italy !

She smiles above her broken chain
The languid smile that follows pain,
Stretching her cramped limbs to the sun again.

O, joy for all, who her call
From Camaldoli's convent wall
And Elmo's towers to freedom's carnival !

A new life breathes among her vines
And olives, like the breath of pines
Blown downward from the breezy Apennines.

Lean, O my friend, to meet that breath.
Rejoice as one who witnesseth
Beauty from ashes rise and life from death !

Thy sorrow shall no more be pain,
Its tears shall fall in sunlit rain
Writing the grave with flowers, " Arisen again !"

Independent.

"SEATING THE MEETING-HOUSE."

THIS practice, alluded to in our last number, used to bring out some of the most amusing traits of human nature. Somebody of course was generally seated *too low*. One man was seated out of place as he thought, and was complaining bitterly about it.

"I pay seventy-five cents a year for the preaching," says Mr. Smith, "and I won't do it any longer. I'll sign off."

"O," said a bland old gentleman whom they called Uncle Nicholas, "it makes very little difference where people sit. We go to meeting, Mr. Smith, to get good, to hear the prayers and sermons, not to quarrel about our seats. We can't all sit in one pew, Mr. Smith."

"That is true, Uncle Nicholas, and I don't want anything unreasonable."

"No, Mr. Smith. Let us hear the words, and that is all we want. I had as lief sit behind the door as anywhere, only let me hear the words."

"Why, Uncle Nicholas, you *are* seated behind the door."

"I am, did you say?"

"Why, yes, — did n't you know it?"

"No, — you must be mistaken, Mr. Smith."

"I certainly am not, for I was there and heard your name, and you are seated in the pew behind the north door."

"Well, I'll be — hanged if I ever sit there!"

BARKING IN CHURCH.

SWEDENBORG says that animals are copied out of men, wild, noxious, and unclean animals being simply impersonations of the worst things in an unregenerate human nature, whereas gentle, useful, and clean animals are impersonations of the kindly and benevolent affections. This being so, it is very well for men to look at the animal kingdom sometimes for purposes of self-revelation, to see themselves out of themselves, and how they appear. Let cunning men see themselves in foxes, gluttons in swine, cruel men in tigers, controversialists in dogs, fops and belles in peacocks, and so through the whole list.

Mr. Ramsay, whose book we have already quoted, gives a scene in a Scotch church illustrating very well a certain kind of preaching.

He does not use it for this purpose, but it is too good not to be turned to account. It shows pretty well, we think, how controversial preachers look, copied down upon a lower plane.

The minister, getting warmed with his subject, raised his voice to a higher and higher pitch till he became very boisterous. A mischievous dog was in church. At first he kept very quiet, but as the minister's voice rose, he began to growl, and finally to bark outright. As the minister "kept whinging and whanging," the dog followed suit, and as the speaker's voice rose to a shout, the dog's became a perfect howl. At length the minister stops: "Beadle, put out that dog!"

The beadle obeys, but cannot resist turning his eye up to the pulpit, and saying very significantly, "Ay, ay, sir; but indeed it was yerself began it."

AN ORTHODOX CREED.

A MEMBER of one of the large metropolitan orthodox churches sends us their creed. It is an excellent creed, every article of which we could heartily subscribe. Tripersonalism, the resurrection of dead bodies, election and reprobation, and other dead traditions, have here sloughed off, bringing this church into nearer conformity with the one Catholic Church of the Lord. If this could be done in all the orthodox churches, Zion would indeed arise and shine and gather all the good into her fold. s.

ARTICLES OF FAITH.

ART. 1. — We believe there is only one true God, self-existent, eternal, perfect in wisdom, power, goodness, and holiness, revealed as subsisting in a manner mysterious to us, as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

ART. 2. — We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments were given by inspiration, and contain the revealed will of God to man, and are the only unerring or authoritative rule of faith and practice.

ART. 3. — We believe that mankind are fallen from their original rectitude, and are, until renewed by the Holy Spirit, destitute of the holiness required by the divine law; and that when they become capable of moral law, they fall into actual transgression.

ART. 4. — We believe that God so loved the world that he gave his Son for its salvation, — that his Son became incarnate in the person of Jesus Christ, — that he set forth an example of perfect obedience and purity, taught the way of life, and suffered upon the cross for sinners; and that, by his obedience, sufferings, and death, he became a propitiation for the sins of the whole world, and opened a way whereby all who believe in him, with repentance of their sins, may be saved, without impeachment of divine justice and truth.

ART. 5. — We believe Jesus Christ arose from the dead, and ascended to the right hand of God the Father, whence he sends forth the Holy Spirit, and where he ever liveth to make intercession for us; and that through him God offers full forgiveness and everlasting life to all who will heartily repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

ART. 6. — We believe in the resurrection of all the dead, and a general and final judgment, when God will judge the quick and the dead through Jesus Christ, and when the wicked shall go into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal.

WHY NOT BUY THEM? A NATIONAL DEBT BETTER THAN
A NATIONAL ARMY.

“MONEY answereth all things,” wrote the Wise Man, and in so writing he was a prophet as well as a preacher, a seer as well as a sage. It is the age of merchants and bankers, of economists and stock-brokers, and, spite of what is said in vilification of it, it has a right to a place amongst the ages, — as good a right as any. Give good security and the capital is forthcoming for State-houses, city halls, school-houses, hospitals, and, alas! for armies and navies. The property interest shapes and controls revolutions, and within suitable limits may well be accepted as a wise and efficient peacemaker. Why may not North and South avail themselves of it in this crisis? The evil of slavery is one for which we are all of us more or less accountable. Northern ships brought the slaves, a vast deal of Northern wealth was earned originally by the slave-trade, before it was declared to be piracy. This infamous traffic was tolerated for a time by our National Confederacy. We cannot be justified in casting the whole burden and reproach of the institution of slavery upon

the present slaveholding States. It is very easy for the abstractionist to say, Emancipate! Do it to-morrow! This thing is a sin and a shame, and you have no right to continue it a single day! But would it be wise to act with such haste? And when we go to others with a demand that they shall beggar themselves upon the instant, are we not asking more than we, from our moral stand-point and with our own small measure of heroism, have a right to ask? What shall we do then? Divide and go to war? We answer, No! please God, no! Is it credible that a Christian nation in the nineteenth century can devise no better solution than this of their practical problem? Must our three or four millions of slaves destroy a whole people? Does not war mean their extermination? Does not peace promise their elevation and emancipation! We ask again, then, What shall we do? And we answer, raise a great National Fund, even through the creation of a national debt, by the help of which the South may be enabled to pass gradually from their present social system into a better and higher. Can any one tell us what a year's war would cost the country, — we do not mean in heart's blood and human feeling, in morality and piety, in manhood and brotherhood, but in vulgar coin? Why not appropriate that much to this great philanthropic purpose, instead of spending it in powder and shot, and in men to be food for them? Some will say, perhaps, that this would be a recognition of the right of property in man. On the contrary, we say, it is a plan by means of which those who have no other property may be able to give up their all and cease to be owners of men. We are told that nothing binds a people together and makes them a nation like a national debt: let us in good earnest set about creating one, and keep united until it is paid, and meanwhile give our brethren at the South some tangible assurance that we mean them no harm, when we strive, so far as we are directly responsible, to be no promoters of slavery, and within the limits of our National Constitution to separate ourselves from it.

E.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Evenings with the Doctrines. By NEHEMIAH ADAMS, D. D. Author of "Friends of Christ," "Christ a Friend," "Communion Sabbath," etc., etc. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — Dr. Adams is a preacher of genuine, unadulterated, orthodox Calvinism. He accepts it square and entire, and does not try to sweeten it or dilute it. Those who take the pill from his hands must swallow it without sauce or jelly. Moreover, his style is clear, simple, and direct. He accepts the Trinity, God in three *persons*, the vicarious atonement, election, the saints' perseverance, and the endless punishment of the wicked. We like to meet with such a book from such a writer, and know what old Calvinism is as held at the beginning of the year 1861. We have read several of these sermons, and perceive nothing of the bitter spirit which Dr. Adams formerly exhibited towards those who differ from his opinions. The temper of the sermons is good, with the exception that there is an assumption all along, expressed or implied, that those who believe "the doctrines" are more humble, godlike, and regenerate than others, and that only the carnal heart prevents others from believing them. Dr. Adams must wipe out a thousand years of the darkest ecclesiastical history to make that assumption good.

These sermons were delivered on Tuesday evenings in the regular course of pulpit ministrations. Consequently they are for the popular ear, and are not an elaborate logical treatise. At least we should hope Dr. Adams would reason a great deal more consecutively, even for what seem to us gross falsifications of Christian doctrine, if he were appealing to thinking men, and not to the unreasoning popular mind.

S.

The Life of Trust: being a Narrative of the Lord's Dealings with George Müller. Written by himself. Edited and condensed by REV. H. LINCOLN WAYLAND, Pastor of the Third Baptist Church, Worcester, Mass. With an Introduction by FRANCIS WAYLAND. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — Who has not heard of the age of miracles revived in "the Lord's dealings with George Müller." A man without a dollar, and without asking help of any one, has for the last twenty-five years been doing the work which large associations, with agents, committees, and extensive begging appliances, are generally

considered alone competent to accomplish. He has bought land, built buildings, filled them with seven hundred orphan children, to be fed, clothed, and educated. He has opened a Bible-house for the distribution of Bibles, and supports now one hundred missionaries. In this benevolent work he has expended one million dollars. All this he does by a single agency,—prayer. He asks no one but God, and God sends the supplies. He has never been in debt, and his orphans have never wanted a meal. He prays for the means, and the means always come. This book is a practical illustration of the might of single-minded trust and faith in God over worldly expediences and calculations. The compiler has condensed the work from reports and bulky documents, and has thereby made one of the most useful books we could have. Faith is quickened and strengthened, the efficacy of prayer practically proved, and the reader, catching the spirit of George Müller as he reads on, is drawn to the Lord in a more perfect childlikeness, and with a new resolve to do the duties of to-day with confiding piety, in the assurance that the uncertain future will all be well. Dr. Wayland says in his Introduction, "If Mr. Müller is right, I think it is evident that we are all wrong. The means which are frequently employed to secure the approbation and pecuniary aid of worldly men in carrying forward the cause of Christ, are intensely humiliating. It seems as though God was the last being to be relied on in carrying forward the work which he has given us to do."

s.

Selections from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments; for Families and Schools. By the REV. DAVID GREENE HASKINS. Boston: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1861.—We are sure that many, indeed most persons who have not abandoned the good Christian custom of a family reading of the Scriptures, must have felt the need of just such a book as Mr. Haskins has here supplied. It is not wise to take up the Bible in the household at the daily devotions, and read it through without break, chapter by chapter. The necessity for making selections *in such circumstances* is obvious even to those who have the highest reverence for the Book, and the inconvenience of passing from one chapter to another in joint reading is exceedingly great. Very much of the Old Testament is in the highest degree interesting and profitable to young persons, and yet, save through the help of such a work as this, the family readings are

likely to be confined to the New Covenant. We wish that the Psalms were more fully represented; but this is a want that is very easily supplied by a separate volume of Psalms, or by a copy of "The New Testament and Psalms." We earnestly advise every householder amongst our readers to possess himself of a copy of this book of selections. He will find it the most usable volume in his house, next to the Bible itself.

E.

Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character. By E. B. RAMSAY, M. A., LL. D., F. R. S. E., Dean of Edinburgh. From the Seventh Edinburgh Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — We have given our readers some taste of this book in the Random Readings. It is a volume of 270 pages, which has had a wide circulation in the "land o' cakes," abounds in quaint anecdote, racy description, and current old proverbs, all illustrative of Scotch life and character, especially on the humorous side. The reader will find it very amusing, while it brings him into a more genial acquaintance with the people of bonnie Scotland.

S.

Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk. Containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Time. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Dr. Carlyle was born in 1722 and died in 1805. He was minister of Inveresk, Scotland, through a period of fifty-seven years. It will be seen that his life extended through a period in which lived and flourished the great men who have given form to the institutions of modern society, — through the rebellion of 1745, the French war, and the war of the American Revolution. Dr. Carlyle, though a parish minister, was brought into relations with the important characters of his times, was a man of much force of character, learned and eloquent. The Autobiography, therefore, is a picture of contemporaneous characters and events, of people distinguished in literature, science, religion, arts, and arms. The literary execution of the work is good, and it will be very interesting and valuable as one of the side-lights of history.

S.

Personal History of Lord Bacon, from unpublished Papers. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON of the Inner Temple. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — For two hundred years the name of Lord Bacon has been used in poems, essays, and sermons to point a moral, and show how splendid gifts, learning, and eloquence are compatible with meanness and corruption.

"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

Hallam, Lingard, Macaulay, follow the satirist, and history and poetry seemed both to have fixed the place of one of England's greatest men and most eloquent writers as a fallen magistrate who sold justice. It will be gratifying indeed if, after all this, the great name of Bacon is to shine out pure, without a spot upon his fame. So Mr. Dixon tries to clear it in these admirable memoirs. His admiration for Lord Bacon is unbounded, and the charges of corruption and the supposed fall of the Chancellor he shows to be from the plots and wiles of ambitious and cunning men. This is the result after careful examination. "After the most rigorous and vindictive scrutiny into the official acts of his servants, not a single fee or remembrance traced to the Chancellor can by any fair construction be called a bribe. Not one appears to have been given on a promise, not one appears to have been given in secret, not one appears to have corrupted justice." Mr. Dixon does not increase our confidence in the verity of what goes by the name of history, but he brings us into nearer and more loving acquaintance with one of the greatest men that have illustrated the annals of England. s.

Bonnie Scotland. Tales of her History, Heroes, and Poets. By GRACE GREENWOOD. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Here is one of Grace Greenwood's most charming volumes, which we hear the children already pronouncing "real good." About Robert Burns, Sir William Wallace, Rob Roy, Robert Bruce, Mary Queen of Scots, The Pretenders, Sir Walter Scott and the scenes where he lived and which are covered with memories of his person and his works, — such is the bill of fare, and such the themes made fresh and living by the writer through personal observation and incident in her tour through Scotland. s.

Bruin: the Grand Bear-Hunt. By CAPT. MAYNE REID. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — One of the author's most attractive bear-books, copiously illustrated. Bears, leopards, wolves, and men, both black and white, appear in very uncomfortable relations, defining their positions in all kinds of odd places. The boys read the book for the sixth time, and get from it some ideas of wild animals and wild nature. s.

The Millennial Age: Twelve Discourses on the Spiritual and Social Aspect of the Times. Extemporaneously spoken by THOMAS L. HARRIS, in the Marylebone Institute, London. New York: New Church Publishing Association. London: W. White. — *Spiritualism, Swedenborg, and the New Church. An Examination of Claims.* By EDWARD BROTHERTON. London: W. White. New York: New Church Publishing Association. — The twelve discourses are in Mr. Harris's most fervid style, and great truths are set forth and put home, though with redundancy of rhetoric, yet with remarkable power. We believe him perfectly sincere, though we do not believe in his special claims to a Divine mission. Under the guidance, however, of such great truths as he holds with evident honesty of aim, we think that whatever fantasies may mingle with them must at length clear away. His insight into the heart of the times, and the needs of the times, and especially the needs of Swedenborgianism, is deep and searching; and the New Jerusalem has risen on his vision with so much splendor as sometimes, we think, to dazzle and bewilder it. We would be slow, however, in judging a man of transcendent moral genius, as Mr. Harris certainly is.

Mr. Brotherton's book contains matter of exceeding interest. He refutes, pretty effectually, the claims of sectarian Swedenborgianism, and he quotes from newly discovered documents pertaining to the life of Swedenborg, very important, he thinks, to a full and right apprehension of his character and mission. We trust the new documents detailing Swedenborg's personal religious experience (he went through a regular Methodist conviction and conversion) will not be suppressed, but fairly published. s.

Art Studies: The "Old Masters" of Italy; Painting. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES, Author of "Art Hints," "Parisian Sights," &c., &c. Copperplate Illustrations. New York: Derby and Jackson. 1861. — Mr. Jarves is a Bostonian by birth; but his love of art has made him for many years a resident in Italy, amidst the beautiful creations of faith and genius which make that land the home of the artist. During these years, as indeed before, his pen has not been idle, as many of our readers know, and yet he has found time to gather a very considerable collection of paintings, with a view to illustrate the progress of Christian art from its infancy onward, besides completing the arrangements for bringing his pictures favorably

to the notice of competent judges in his own country and elsewhere, in the hope that in his native city, if possible, or, failing this, in New York, they might constitute the foundation for a true Gallery of Art. Persons whose opinion in such a matter is of value have praised at once the pictures and Mr. Jarves's plan with regard to them; and they are now attracting much attention from the lovers of art in New York. The book and the pictures should go together. The enthusiastic and unwearied collector is at the same time an earnest, painstaking, graceful, catholic writer, discriminating in his judgments, and alive to the high function of art as a servant of humanity and a high-priest of true religion. We should have liked the book a little better if it had been somewhat more compressed, for our days upon the earth are few; but there is no censurable diffuseness, and from the hieroglyphs of the Catacombs to the pictures of Domenichino the way is long. Mr. Jarves's pages are covered with attestations to the power of the Father and the Son, who "work hitherto," to inspire the soul of the artist, and through him to fill the world with works of beauty, the creations of human hands, corresponding to the splendors that bear witness in nature for the Divine Workmaster; and he is quite right in regarding the Church as somewhat in abeyance in our day,—weak because of its divisions into many sects, including the two great ones, but soon to be revived and rebuilt, to be clothed with new and fairer garments, to have a new art which shall even surpass the old, glorious as that was. Then the warehouses shall no longer overtop the churches, and the churches shall no longer be such abortions that we shall be thankful to have them hidden away behind the noble structures which the merchants build. We sympathize entirely with Mr. Jarves in his pungent criticisms upon the meagreness of the popular religion, which relegates everything like open vision to the past, calling that alone sacred, and believe with him that heaven is ever flowing in upon earth, though we should be far, we are sure, from accepting some of the illustrations of this great fact that seem to have commended themselves to his mind. His book will be read with great interest and profit by many besides those who are consciously lovers and students of art; and they will derive much entertainment, as well as substantial and needed assistance, from the admirable illustrations, which, with the fair paper and beautifully clear type, remind us far more of the artist than of the artisan.

E.

Poems, Sacred and Secular. By the REV. WM. CROSWELL, D. D. Edited, with a Memoir, by A. CLEVELAND COXE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861.—All those to whom the remembrance of Dr. Croswell is blessed will be thankful to his biographer for the memorial and the accompanying poems. They will be valuable to the few rather than to the world at large, and yet they have a sweetness and grace which all may rejoice in. Moreover, the book is a small one, and we are generally as grateful to one who makes a small book, as our children are to every one who preaches a short sermon.

E.

Lessons on the Liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America. By a Churchman. Boston: E. P. Dutton and Company, Church Bookstore. 1861.—Episcopalians and others who wish to gain some general information about the Episcopal sect will find this little volume very useful. Confined within such humble limits, the writer of course gives us only results, the results which he has individually reached, and the reader who would thoroughly understand the subject must look further and deeper. So looking he will find that the Epistles of Ignatius are by no means the most trustworthy authorities to which the Church antiquarian can appeal. Their genuineness is more than doubtful, and that they have been largely interpolated is admitted on all hands. It is not easy to close questions which have been open for centuries; but happily these questions do not relate to any essential matters. It need not greatly concern us whether the Gospel is preached by three orders of ministers or by one only, so long as it is preached by those who are filled with the spirit of Christ, and the same God who works effectually to the apostleship of the circumcision is mighty also towards the Gentiles. But it would be foolish to expect to find all sides presented in a little volume of less than three hundred small pages, and many who are not what are technically called Churchmen will find here a great deal of interesting and valuable information about a Christian Communion to which our world owes a large debt, and whose offices, could they only be freed from a little unscriptural dogmatism, would be to us exceedingly welcome.

E.